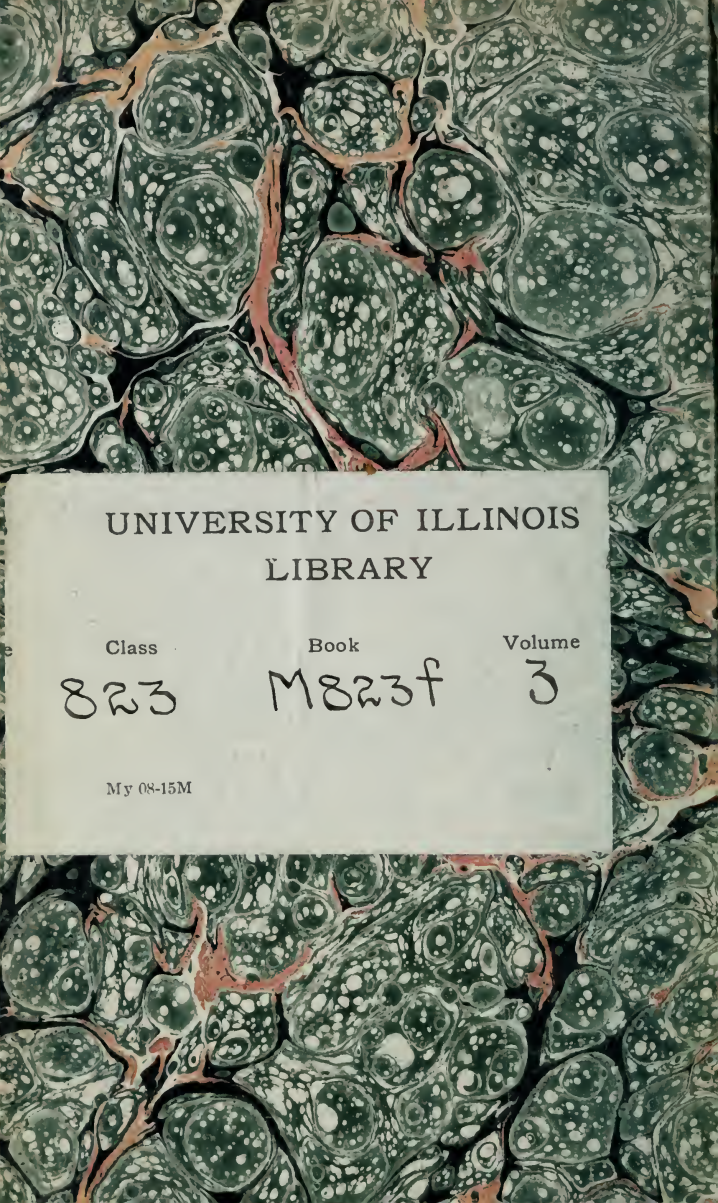
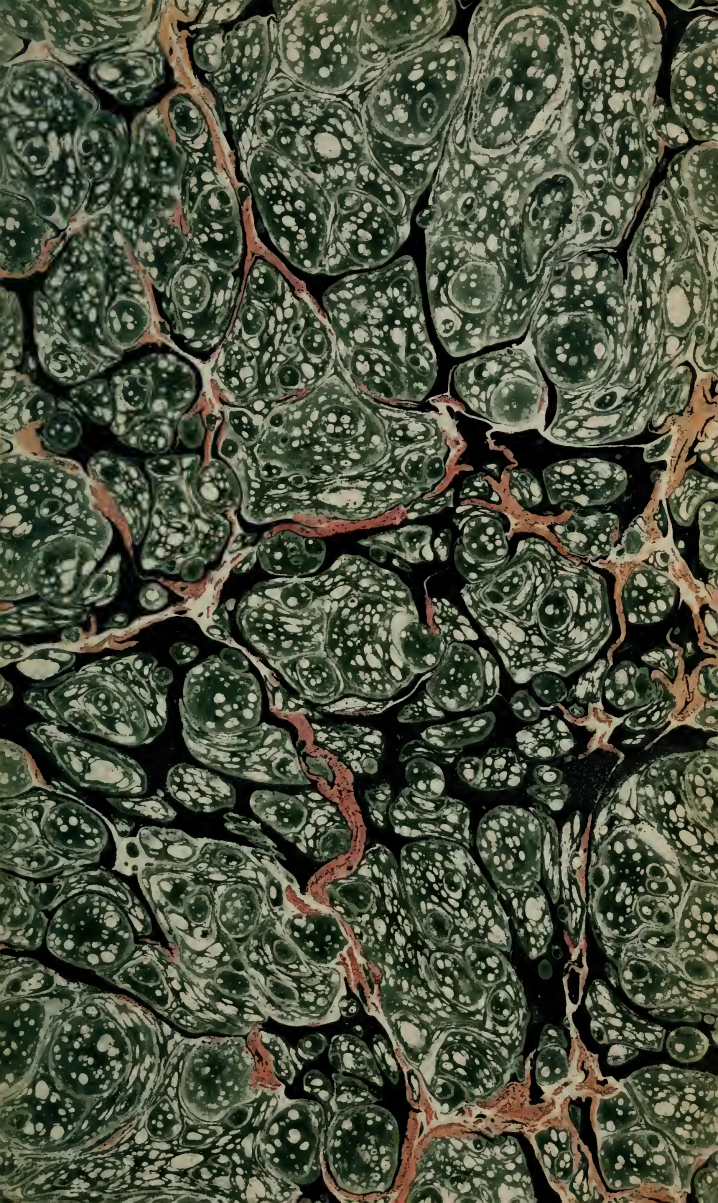



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FLORENCE MACARTHY:

An Irish Tale.

BY

LADY MORGAN,

AUTHOR OF "FRANCE," "O'DONNEL," &c.

Know thus far forth:
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now, my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and by my prescience,
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence,
If now I court not but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. SHAKESPEARE.

Les femmes ne sont pas trop d'humeur à pardonner de certaines injures, et quand elles se promettent le plaisir de la vengeance elles n'y vont pas de *main-morte*.

DE GRAMMONT.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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FLORENCE MACARTHY.

CHAPTER I.

"The council shall hear it—It is a riot."
——"Sir Hugh, persuade me not—I will make a star-chamber matter of it."

"To vouch this is no proof!
Without more certain and more overt test
Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods of modern seeming, do prefer against him."

SHAKESPEARE.

LADY DUNORE, who, like sister Anne in Bluebeard, was stationed on the top of one of the castle turrets, alternately watched the approach of the expected prisoners in one direction, and that of their accusers and judges, Mr. Crawley and son, in another.

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She was now summoned on the arrival of Baron Boulter and Judge Aubrey to the breakfast parlour. Already from her watch-tower she had seen a crowd of persons wandering among the hills, and the glitter of arms flashing in the sun-shine. Her ardent imagination magnified the New-Town cavalry corps, and half a dozen peasants, into a prodigious military force, and a formidable band of rebels; and she rushed into the apartment where the two judges were quietly taking a bouillon after their long morning's ride; and with eyes flashing, and cheeks suffused, welcomed them in evident agitation to the castle. She expressed her gratitude to Baron Boulter in exaggerated terms for a visit so kindly volunteered; and uttered a fervent hope that their presence would give importance to an event in which many lives were concerned. She then abruptly ended with the question of—

"But which of you, my lords, is the hanging judge?"

This question, which startled the judges, confused Mr. Daly, and threw Lord Frederick into agonies (lest in her delirious ravings she should cite him as authority for this judicial sobriquet), produced a short silence, until Mr. Daly coming to the relief of the party, observed,

"My dear lords, I must account for this agitation of my niece, Lady Dunore, by informing you that her mind and feelings have been worked on by some representations of the state of this province not perfectly correct. Her agent and confidential person, Mr. Crawley, is a timid man; and it is but fair to say, that I believe he is frequently the dupe of his own fears. But he also belongs to a certain party, who, under the guise of inordinate and exclusive loyalty, act in defiance of the law

of the land, are lawless by the concurrence, or at least the countenance of those in authority, and may be said, in the language of a celebrated orator, to be "opposed to *rule* by act of parliament." Among such persons, it is a favourite system of tactics to create false alarms, and then to engraft strong measures upon the fears they have awakened. I have some reason to think my niece is at this moment the victim of this wretched and hackneyed policy, and that the attack on her castle, and the smothered insurrection with which she has been anonymously threatened, are the phantoms, I will not say the creations, of Mr. Crawley's brain."

Lady Dunore, mortified and disappointed by a speech that threw her out of a sphere of action, to which all her fancies and feelings were made up, was beginning an expostulation with her uncle, when Baron Boulter interrupted

her by observing that "the Irish were a very fine people, and a very handsome people. But that it was most certain a little occasional hanging, just now and then, did them no harm: and though they might not, in the present instance, be so deeply implicated in rebellious practices, as the loyal and vigilant prudence of his worthy friend, Darby Crawley, suggested, yet a little timely caution, and wholesome severity, rarely came amiss; that he would willingly lend his aid in examining into the circumstances of the case, and endeavour to dissipate her ladyship's fears by exploring their cause."

"The people of Ireland," said Judge Aubrey, in a tone between sullenness and indignation, "are like the people of other nations, pretty much what their government has made them. They are factious, because they are wretched; and it is the fashion of the day to give to

their local disturbances, to their resistance to the collections of the tithes, they are unable to pay, to their murmurs against the taxes, which have reduced the country to ruin, and even to their personal and often barbarous conflicts among each other, the names of insurrection and rebellion. Mr. Crawley, Madam, is an old alarmist, and your ladyship is, I perceive, new to the modes by which affairs in this country are carried on."

"But when an armed force is at our gates," said Lady Dunore, in a tone of irritation and impatience, "when letters reach my hands, Judge Aubrey, which inform us that....."

"The charge is prepared, the lawyers are met,
The judges arrayed, a terrible sight,"

interrupted Lord Rosbrin, as he burst into the room, with a billiard cue in his hand for a wand.

" Every thing is ready," he observed : " the court waits, the prisoners are arrived, and the counsel will be here in a few moments."

" We have endeavoured to make things comfortable for you, Baron," said Lady Dunore, putting her arm through Baron Boulter's, and hurrying him towards the hall, where she was followed by Judge Aubrey, Mr. Daly, Lord Frederick, Mr. Heneage, Mr. Pottinger, and Lady Georgina.

" There," said Lord Rosbrin, presenting two arm chairs to the judges, placed at the head of the hall, before a table covered with heavy volumes, " there, my lords, that is the awful seat of judgment. Here, Lady Georgina, this is your place, and your's, Eversham and Heneage : you are the special jury. You see we have a fine gallery, a charming audience," and he pointed to the corridore, which ran

round the hall, and which was filled with valets-de-chambre, ladies' maids, with the inferior branches of the Dunore household; "and," he added, fixing some chairs and a table to the left, "this is the place for the counsel for the crown, the learned Crawleys, 'very Daniels;' and the prisoners, you see my lords, occupy the lower part of the hall, the back-ground or portion filled up with guards, officers, mutes, and others: and the solitary female prisoner, the Queen Catherine of the trial, though in a rug cloak, is placed, in delicacy to her sex, in the shade of this recess and painted window."

Every thing was, indeed, in the order which Lord Rosbrin had described.

The prisoners occupied the foot of the hall. The New-Town Mount Crawley corps filled the portico. A woman, in a coarse grey cloak, and straw bonnet, drawn over her face, was seated in the

recess of the Gothic window; and the rest of the party were disposed of according to Lord Rosbrin's idea of the stage business of the trial in the Merchant of Venice.

On the countenance of Baron Boulter was painted an expression of great humour, as of one ready to be amused, as to amuse. Judge Aubrey was, on the contrary, sullenly looking over a volume of Hogarth, which lay before him on the table; and evidently out of patience and out of temper with the absurdity of the passing scene. Lady Dunore was fluttering about from place to place, and from person to person, in hysterical emotion, tears in her eyes, and smiles upon her lips; and Lord Rosbrin was beginning a speech from the trial of Queen Catherine, and had, in the legal phrase, got on his legs, when Mr. Crawley, his son, and sister, followed by his clerk, Jemmy Bryan,

carrying a green bag, appeared pushing through the crowd, which filled the bottom of the spacious hall.

"Oh! I am glad you are come," said Lady Dunore, speaking to them from her *jury-box*. "Are you not enchanted at the turn things have taken? Only conceive, what luck! Baron Boulter and Judge Aubrey so kindly consenting to be present at our little *special commission*. Rosbrin, pray shew the Mr. Crawleys their place. Miss Crawley, I'll make room for you here: we must put you on the jury."

The Crawleys for a moment remained motionless. To their utter amazement, the whimsicality and extravagance of Lady Dunore had overturned all their long and ingeniously concerted plans. Instead of their snug star-chamber trial, they now stood confronted before the judges of the land, in the presence of a large assembly; while the examinations

of the prisoners, which they meant to turn to the account of terror, would now be taken out of their hand, and be made a jest of by the Baron, or be conducted in such a way by Judge Aubrey as would betray the inadequacy of the charges upon which their wild-looking prisoners were to be committed.

There was, also, in the scene before them, a *melange* of the ludicrous and the serious, which at once struck upon the sensitive apprehension of young Crawley; but armed in that mail of brass and heart of adamant, which were to form the bases of his future fortunes, he came almost instantly to his father's relief; and whispering him a few words, which included reliance on their kind friend, Baron Boulter, and the necessity of courage and presence of mind, he suffered himself to be led by Lord Rosbrin to the place assigned him.

Meantime, the clerk spread the table

with depositions against the prisoners. Old Crawley seated himself before it, and Lord Rosbrin, flourishing about, with theatrical solemnity, exclaimed:

"Now then proceed in justice, which shall have due course.
Produce the prisoners. Silence.
Read the indictments."

The clerk put on his spectacles, and cleared his voice; while Baron Boulter, endowed with a pliancy of mind which permits the pursuit of many objects at the same moment, and who was in the habit of despatching an epigram, and a warrant, of giving judgment and an invitation to dinner in the same breath, now called for pen, ink, and paper, that he might answer a few letters, and listen to the examinations "*without loss of time or hindrance of business.*"

Judge Aubrey, throwing aside his

book, observed, "Since I take my seat here in the quality of a magistrate, at the desire of the Marchioness of Dunore, I beg that if there are any depositions to be made against these men, who appear to be under a double guard, civil and military, they may be gone through forthwith.

"My lord," said Conway Crawley, getting on his legs, with the air of a counsel opening some important cause, "my lord, before we proceed to read the depositions against these unfortunate men, I shall beg leave to state the case as it appears to me, and to give a slight sketch of the actual situation of this barony."

"Sir," interrupted the judge, "I won't hear you. You can tell me nothing of this country that I do not already know. I have neither time nor health to listen to idle declamation, and ten times told tales."

"My lord, I must observe," continued young Crawley, petulantly, "that among the virtues of a judge, patience is the most necessary; and Lord Mansfield, my lord, obtained more credit for that virtue, than for all his other judicial merits combined."

"Then, Sir, my Lord Mansfield never was obliged to listen to you," replied the judge, coldly.

A universal smile followed this observation, which was made with a sort of sullen naïveté, that gave it great effect: while old Crawley, trembling at the audacity of his son, whispered him,

"*Aisy* now! *aisy*, Con, dear: troth you'll put your foot in it, if you let your janius get the better of you this way."

The clerk now read the depositions in a nasal tone, and drawling brogue, which gave infinite amusement to the

fashionable part of the audience; and at last got through the sundry charges against Padreen Gar, Dennis Tully, Shamus Joy, Dan Brogan, Teague Mac Mahon, Owny Sullivan, and others, who came under the denomination of "PADREEN GAR'S BOYS."

They stood accused of feloniously assembling for purposes of rebellion, and breach of the king's peace, at Saint Gobnate's well, under the pretence of celebrating the feast of that saint; and of acting under the influence of Terence Oge O'Leary (who had absconded, and whose papers, being seized), betrayed a regular plan of insurrection, aided by several catholic gentlemen of the country, in correspondence with Spain and France.

Baron Boulter now folding his letter, called for a lighted candle and sealing-wax, and addressing the prisoners, said,

"My honest friends, it appears to me, from the depositions which have been just set forth, that you all have incurred the chance of being hanged; an event that must, in all probability, have taken place at one time or other of your lives: and I dare say you will agree with me, my honest friends, that whether a little sooner, or a little later, is a matter of but trifling importance. (I'll trouble you, Sir, to snuff the candle.) You see, my friends, I wish to do *nothing in the dark*, and am endeavouring to throw *every possible light upon* your case. There now, is my young and clever friend, Mr. Conway Townsend Crawley, smiling at me; and my old friend Mr. Crawley, his venerable father, smiling also. The Crawleys, gentlemen, are good-humoured men, and cheerful men. I am, myself, a good-humoured man; and in that point, at least, I resemble Lord

Mansfield. And now, my friends, with such active magistrates and loyal men as the Mister Crawleys among you, the one an high sheriff, the other an high treasurer; the one a sitting barrister, and another a serjeant, (not, however, I trust *a permanent serjeant);* with such enlightened guardians of the law, to keep you quiet, and put you up, and put you down, it is singular that you should meet at Saint Gobnate's well, for the purposes of sedition and rebellion. For Mr. Crawley, Sen. may be justly styled the grand conservator of the peace of Ballydab; and with his worthy sons, I must say, forms an *aula regis,* (a term, by-the-bye, borrowed from the Norman law, as you well know, my honest friends, none better). (I'll trouble you, Sir, for a little black wax.) As for Counsellor Conway Crawley, I look upon him as the very repertorium of the laws; one

who has read every thing; Burn's Justice, Blackstone's Commentaries, the Registrum Brevium, and Paley's Evidences; deep read in the Saxon law, the Norman law, the Brehon law, and the game law—apropos to *game laws!* Would you, Mr. Footman, step out to my servant, and tell him to take the grouse out of the gun case, and present them to the cook, with Baron Boulter's very best compliments? But, my honest friends, the point to establish is this—were you de facto at Saint Gobnate's well for the purposes of sedition? Can you prove that you were not? I address myself in particular to you, Mr. Padreen Gar, as chief of this conspiracy: were you at Saint Gobnate's well this morning? and for what purpose?"

"Is it for what purpose, my lord?" said Padreen Gar, advancing intrepidly into the centre of the hall, and display-

ing a bold and careless countenance. "Is it, what brought me there, Sir? Sure your lordship knows right well, what would be bringing a poor man to the holy well, plaze your lordship's honor, Sir; isn't it his *dewotion*, my lord? what else, Sir. And has been going to the well an hundred years, and more, my lord—troth we have."

"Will you make affidavit of that, Mr. Padreen Gar?"

"I will, plaze your lordship."

"Then, Mr. Padreen, I can only say, that a pitcher that goes *so often to the well is liable to come home broken at last*, which I think I shall be able to prove to you before I have done. But who is that in the red shanavest? (I believe that is good Irish for a waistcoat, as some of you know, my friends, to your cost;) he who is seeking my attention, as I judge by his expressive countenance."

"Its Barney Tully, as sould your honor a *harse*, my lord, last sizes; long life to your lordship," said a slight, meagre, but alert person, stepping before Padreen Gar, and displaying a countenance of sly and intelligent expression.

"So, Mr. Tully, how do you do, my equestrian friend? Now, Mr. Barney Tully, though I have too much respect for your name and calling to wish to pry into *Tully's offices*, I must nevertheless institute an enquiry into the cause of your appearing at St. Gobnate's well?"

"Och! plaze your honor, I'll prove an alibi, my lord; for upon oath this day, 'bove all days of the year, I was working on Mr. Crawley's new road, when I was seen and taken at St. Gobnate's well, Sir."

"Then, Tullus Aufidius, it is very plain you are of that class in Irish zoo-

logy, so puzzling to other naturalists, called *the bird that can be in two places at once.*"

"I am, Sir," replied Barney, smiling archly; "sure enough an Irish bird, egg and feather; and so was my father before me, my lord."

"We have nothing to do with your father, my honest friend Tully, because we do not want in this instance to *kill two* birds with one stone; and prefer in all instances a bird in the hand to two in the bush. Now, my friend in the *carawat*, what is your name?" addressing a foolish-looking person with a red handkerchief tightened round his neck, almost to strangling.

"I'm called Teague Mac Mahon, plaze your lordship."

"You could not be called by a better name, Mr. Mac Mahon, if your father was as anxious as Tristram Shandy's to give you a *lucky one.*"

"Long life to your lordship, and God bless you, Sir."

"But, Mr. Mac Mahon, with *such* a name, I cannot well understand how you should be guilty of such disloyal practices, as to join Padreen Gar's rebellious band, at that site of all insubordination, St. Gobnate's well."

"Why then, see here, plaze your lordship," said Teague Mac Mahon, waving his hand, and speaking with great emphasis, "I should never gone near the well, and had no occasion, only in regard to my taste of bacon, which was stolen dishonestly from me, plaze your honor."

"Then you are one of those improvident persons, Mr. Mac Mahon, who have not the art of saving your bacon."

"Sure, I did *save* it,* plaze your honor, and saved it well, and hung it up in

* i. e. *Cure* it, *salt* it.—An Hibernicism.

the chimbley, and quartered it in three halves, my lord; and was to give a small half to Darby Hoolegan, in lieu of two pecks of *male*, (meal) and an hundred of nails for my brogues: and while I was at mass, what should he do, but comes in, and skelps off with the biggest half, and leaves me only a donny taste; and so I went after him to St. Gobnate's, where I was taken up, Sir, only for looking after the remains of my bacon."

"The truth then is out, Mr. Mac Mahon; you went in search of a man, who had the boldness to *make an abridgement of Bacon.*"

"Och Musha! that's it; long life to your lordship," said Teague, triumphantly.

"I hope, however, Mr. Mac Mahon, that your friend had the *taste* to *preserve* all the *attic salt.*"

"Och! plaze your honor, it was well

salted and *smoked* too before he took a taste of it."

"Then, Mr. Mac Mahon, I *must* say, that had you but *smoked your friend* as you have *smoked your bacon*, you would not now be the victim of your credulity, nor brought before me on suspicion of high treason."

"My lord, my lord," interrupted Judge Aubrey, with an air of irrepressible impatience, "I beg your pardon, but though I believe this mockery of justice is got up simply for the amusement of this distinguished circle, yet I cannot witness or assist in carrying on a farce, which may in the end be pregnant with evil to the persons who stand in custody before us. The depositions are a tissue of absurdity and nonsense: and though magistrates can in this country deprive persons of their liberty upon grounds quite as slight, yet I am not quite certain that the warrant upon

which they have been arrested, is a legal instrument. Show me your warrant, constable.—Yes, it is, as I suspected, a vague mittimus; a contrivance of certain active magistrates, to get obnoxious persons into their power, and by which they baffle the protection of the laws, omitting to state any name, day, or place, or particular of the offences. Nothing, therefore, remains but to discharge these poor men, and send them to their work."

"My learned brother," said the baron, with much pleasantry of manner, "'tis not for you or me to bring in the verdict: we must refer it to the jury; and I believe a *fairer* jury never sat. What say you, ladies! guilty or not guilty?"

"*Not guilty* upon my honor," cried Lady Georgina, joined by all the patrician voices present; while Lady Dunore, as much amused by the turn the

mock trial was taking, as she had been agitated by its probable issue, cried out louder than them all, "Oh not guilty, not guilty."

The judges now arose; and Judge Aubrey was about to address the prisoners, and to dismiss them with an admonition, when young Crawley starting forward, exclaimed with vehemence—

"Stay, my lord, before you again turn these lawless men loose upon this unfortunate district, whom your lordship must be aware have had no examination whatever, I beg to be heard for a few minutes. Your lordship has called the depositions made by sundry respectable persons a *tissue of nonsense and absurdity;* but we know how easy it is to despise the dawnings of *all* insurrections; we have learned also how dangerous it is to do so. The ravings of the first few followers of Cromwell at Huntingdon, a scuffle

for apples by Massaniello at Naples, and the dissensions of the Poissards at Paris, however contemptible in their origin, were yet the *commencement and causes* of the mighty and terrific revolutions which followed. But, my lords, I will, I think, convince you that the seeds of rebellion have taken a deeper root in this province than in the breasts of a few barbarous peasants; that foreign incendiaries are at work to undermine the good will that subsists between Ireland and the parent country; and that intrigues are now carried on between France, Spain, and some of the Catholic gentlemen of this country, through the medium of an old offender, who was deeply implicated in the rebellion, a sort of pedagogue, named Terence Oge O'Leary."

"Good God!" exclaimed Lady Dunore, plunged into a new series of emo-

tions, "how extraordinary! only conceive! French agents in this remote spot! Go on, Mr. Conway, pray go on."

"Last night," continued young Crawley, with renewed spirit, "a search warrant was procured for examining O'Leary's papers; and as he was not at home, his desk was opened, and some curious plans of the intended rebellion came to light, which were forwarded by a military express to the castle after I had taken copies of them. Here," continued young Crawley, triumphantly taking up paper after paper out of his father's *green bag*, "here is first a list of the ancient families of this province, whose descendants, labourers in my father's grounds and her ladyship's, will be doubtlessly proved one of these days to be lords of the soil. Here is a fragment relative to the late Florence Ma-

carthy, a drunken old dotard, who lived in this neighbourhood, and was called the titular Earl of Clancare, which is curious, for it proves that he has long been considered as the true lord of this district, and was secretly acknowledged such by his own party, which includes all the disloyal people in the country; for this paper states the following fact, in the quaint old language, still used by the Catholic gentry, and particularly affected by Terence Oge O'Leary:—that 'Florence Macarthy, by consent of all the popish bishops, deacons, jesuits, friars, and all the Irish nobilities assembled, was created Macarthy More, using in creation all the rites and ceremonies customary to the ancient Irish, being joined by all the nobility and noblesse of the province:—viz. the Na Donnells-Ferrars, the Offaleys, O'Sulivans-Beare, and Moriarty M'Teague,' (names, my

lord, better known in the flourishing city of Ballydab than in the Red Book or Debrett's Peerage). It is with regret, also, I add—that among these provincial noblesse are inscribed the names of the knights of Kerry and Glynn, the white knight, and the knight of the valley, and, in short, many members of the Fitzgerald family. But what is most curious of all is the following letter from a Spanish priest, on whom it seems the archbishoprick of Dublin has already been bestowed. This letter, without date, is addressed to the late Florence Macarthy, of Ballydab, by the style and title of the *Most Excellente Earl Florence Macarthy, of Clancare*, and is well worth attending to."

"Oh! let us have the archbishop's letter by all means," said Lady Dunore. "Only think, Georgy, love, of giving away an archbishoprick: it is quite

too amusing. Pray go on, Mr. Conway."

Mr. Conway cleared his voice, and read as follows:

"My good Earl,

"God is my witness, that after my arrival in Ireland, having knowledge of your lordship's valour and learning (his valour, Lady Dunore, was leading the Ballydab boys some thirty years back in a contest with the Glannacrimes), I had an extreme desire to see and to communicate, and to confer with so principal a personage; but the length of the way would not permit me. I am now departing into Spain, with grief that I had not visited those parts; but I hope shortly to return to this kingdom, and to give you entire satisfaction: and be assured that I will perform with his majesty what a brother ought to do, that he should send from Spain; because by

letter I cannot speak any more; I leave the rest till sight. The Lord have your lordship in his keeping, according to my desire,

Yo Mateo,
Arcobispo de Dublin."*

"Now, my lords and Lady Dunore, whether *his majesty*, here alluded to, be Bonaparte or King Joseph, it is evident that the late Mr. Macarthy kept up a secret correspondence with the enemies of the country; and it is also pretty certain that this "*yo Mateo*" has fulfilled *his* promise of returning to communicate viva voce, what he dared not write. He has been for more than a week back lurking in this neighbourhood, and even had the audacity to present himself in my father's house on false pretences. He is now under escort

* I, Matthew, Archbishop of Dublin.

on his way to Dublin; and his coadjutor and host, the successor of Mr. Macarthy in treason, has absconded. But there is no doubt, the vigilant police of the country will ferret him out of his hiding den."

The detail thus given by Conway Crawley, with an impressive earnestness of manner, the documents he produced, the singular circumstances he developed, excited a very striking emotion in the English part of his auditory. A pause of a moment ensued.

Old Crawley pulled down his wig, and stole a sly glance of satisfaction at Judge Aubrey. Miss Crawley, who for the first time learned that her saintly hero was a French or Spanish spy, grew pale. Baron Boulter left an epigram unfinished, and began to lend a serious attention; while Lady Dunore exhausted herself in reiterated exclamations of amazement and consternation.

"Only conceive, Georgy, love, a *real* Spanish monk, an incendiary too; good heavens! how extraordinary! Do you know I would not for the world miss seeing yo Mateo. But pray go on."

"I believe there is little more to be added, Madam. The principal facts are before your ladyship and the judges; and your lordship," added young Crawley, insolently turning to Judge Aubrey, "may now conceive the propriety of our not dismissing these men, at least till we are in possession of the principals and leaders."

"I see no more reason than ever for detaining them," returned Judge Aubrey. "But I hope, Mr. Crawley, the documents, whose copies you have had the trouble to make and to read, have not actually been sent off to the chief secretary's office by military express."

"They are, I hope, by this time nearly in his possession," returned

Conway Crawley, in a tone of great elation.

"I am sorry for it," said Judge Aubrey, coolly, "very sorry, Mr. Crawley; for as far as my black-letter Irish studies go, and if my memory does not wholly fail me, you have copied verbatim some extracts from the Pacata Hibernia of Robin Carew; and you have transmitted to government a faithful account of the insurrection, of the celebrated Florence Macarthy, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth."

A burst of laughter, in which all joined, save the Crawleys, followed this observation, while a voice in the distance cried out—

"To be sure he has, sorrow lie there is in that."

The next moment, O'Leary, bustling through the crowd, his cotamore slung over his shoulder, his wig awry, and his ferule in his hand, presented himself

in the centre of the hall. His appearance excited considerable amusement, for having bowed formally to Lady Dunore, with a tone of uncontrolable irritation, he turned upon young Crawley, exclaiming—

" I'll trouble you for my documents, Counsellor Con; my heads, and tails, and perorations; my notes, and minutes, and *memories*, for my genealogical history of the great Macarthy family, written in the Phœnician language, vulgo-vocato Irish. What call had you to them at all? Dioul! What right had you to break open my box, and I not in it, and to purloin my codices? And what dirty lucre did you expect by it, Counsellor? If it wasn't out of fear that I'd tell to the world that your ould grandfather, Paddy Crawley, took some of the property of the late Earl of Clancare, in trust for him during the *painals*, (penals) Sir,

and refused to restore it after the *repail;* which was the first step he got in the world: and troth, a dirty step it was. Now answer me that, Counsellor Con, before the English *noblesse* here present."

"I believe, Mr. Conway Crawley," said Judge Aubrey, significantly, "we *may* dismiss all these persons now."

Every body arose and came forward, *good-naturedly* amused with the consternation of him whose pretension and insolence had been equally entertaining and imposing a few minutes before. Old Crawley almost buried his head in his *green bag;* but Conway, though confused, still unsubdued, came forward, and addressing Lady Dunore, who was now laughing with Lord Frederick and Lady Georgina, he said, "I must request your lordship's attention and patience one minute more."

"Oh! by all means," said Lady

Dunore, fluttering back to her place. "I don't care in the least if this trial goes on for ever. I never was so agitated and so amused in all my life; now, pray all sit down. My dear Judge Aubrey, pray resume your seat."

"All that your ladyship has heard," continued Conway, "is mere invention, mere subterfuge.—Baron Boulter, better than any other, must be aware that it is so; since his lordship, as senior circuit judge, has granted a bench warrant to my father to take up the incognito Spanish priest, upon such information as his lordship certainly deemed sufficient."

"I certainly granted a warrant a few days back," said Baron Boulter, with a look of mortification, "on informations sworn by one Mr. James Bryan, who holds some place in Mr. Crawley's office, for the purpose of apprehending a very suspicious character; who, with-

out any visible business, or means of livelihood, has for some time been lurking about this neighbourhood."

This confession produced a visible change in the opinion of all present; while an expression of half-suppressed emotion distorted the countenance of old Crawley; and he muttered, in acrimonious tone, to his son—

"You have made a pretty kettle of fish of it, now. What the devil business had you to mention that stranger at all at all. Couldn't you let him go quietly on to jail. Troth, your *janius* will get you muzzled yet, great a scholar as you are, Counsellor Con."

The silence which Baron Boulter's confession had produced was now suddenly interrupted by a noise in the portico. The crowd which still lingered there gave way, with a spontaneous and respectful motion; and a person of singular and splendid appearance ad-

vanced boldly up the hall, followed by two officers of justice. He approached the table where the judges sat, removing his hat with one hand, and leaning the other on a pile of books, with an air disengaged and imposing; and in a voice full, clear, and rapid, he said—

"I beg to present myself to Baron Boulter."

Mute astonishment trembled upon every lip. Wonder and admiration animated every eye. All was breathless eager suspense; but O'Leary alone moved, and placed himself near the object of attraction, with a look, in which wildness and triumph disputed pre-eminence.

Baron Boulter was the first to recover presence of mind, and he replied, "*My* name, Sir, is Boulter, and I have the honour to hold his majesty's commission, as Baron of the Exchequer. I can only add, Sir, that I shall be

happy to make the acquaintance of so handsome a man, and so fine a gentleman: pray be seated."

The stranger put back the chair presented to him.

"My lord," he said, "I am a prisoner. On my arrival in this district this morning, and in my way to my lodging, at the dwelling of this person, Terence Oge O'Leary, I was arrested on a bench warrant of your lordship's, on informations sworn by a notorious informer, who was condemned for perjury some years back, and was saved under an indemnity act procured by his employer, Mr. Crawley. I shall obey your warrant, my lord, if you acknowledge your signature. But in the presence of this assembly, I deny that you have any authority to order the arrest of any man, either of your own free motion, or on such information as that upon which I am now a prisoner. It

is to you, therefore, my lord, I shall look for responsibility."

"You will do what you please, Sir," said Baron Boulter, firmly and coldly. "The law lies open to all men."

"And we, my lord," interrupted young Crawley, trembling with rage and mortification, while his father, pale and silent, sat with his eyes bent upon the stranger, "and we, my lord, shall find precedents enough *in this country* to defend us."

"*In this country!*" interrupted the stranger in a loud and indignant voice. "Has this country, then, a set of bye-laws of its own, to answer the purposes of particular individuals? Are not the *laws of England the laws of Ireland?*"

"Officers, do your duty," said young Crawley, authoritatively, and almost incoherent with stifled rage.

"I shall accompany *your officers*,"

returned the stranger, coolly; "and I have to thank *them* for their indulgence, which has confronted me with Baron Boulter. His lordship, I doubt not, has been imposed upon; but for the rest, I am aware that no man shall be imprisoned but upon the lawful judgment of his equals, or by the law of the land. This is the charter; by this I shall abide." Then dropping his extended arm, his countenance lost all the sternness by which it had been energized; and bowing gracefully and low to the ladies, he added, "I trust, in a moment of exigency like this, I shall be forgiven, if I have violated the laws of ceremony, in asserting those of justice: and I offer a thousand apologies to the Marchioness of Dunore, and her distinguished circle, for this unseasonable intrusion."

He then bowed slightly round, to the judges respectfully, and dropped

back between the officers of justice; while Lady Dunore, in a fever of admiration, and O'Leary in the delirium of strong emotion, both approached him as he retired; but the deep stern voice of Judge Aubrey arrested his steps.

"Stay, Sir, you are I apprehend a stranger in this country?"

"I am, my lord, an utter stranger."

"You have then, Sir, a prescriptive right to courtesy and protection, in a land where the name of stranger is still held sacred. I have no doubt my learned brother has been imposed on. His confidence in Mr. Crawley's zealous loyalty, and the hurry of business, may have urged him to give a warrant which I pronounce to be illegal, as given upon the testimony of a convicted perjurer."

"You cannot prove it, Judge Aubrey," exclaimed young Crawley, vehe-

mently. "You would set aside all judicial privilege, all *propter dignitatem*, of the bench."

"Sir," said the judge, "these ebullitions of a mind, fraught by self-interest with arbitrary notions, are not worthy of reply. The dignity of the judicial station can only be degraded by him who holds it. I beg your pardon, Sir," he added hastily, and turning to the stranger, "I fear I have detained you; but I would impress upon your mind, that the judges of the land are the natural guardians of the oppressed; and I would suggest to you, that by giving bail, you will be spared the annoyance and inconvenience of a temporary imprisonment."

"My lord," said the prisoner, "I thank you for this mark of consideration. But I have already said that I am an utter stranger here; where then

should I seek for bail? Who is there that would hold himself responsible for a *stranger?*"

"I will," exclaimed a voice from a distance; and the next moment the hand of a young and very noble looking person was clasped in that of the stranger.

"And pray, who are you, Sir?" demanded young Crawley, stepping forward with a tone and demeanour of the pertest effrontery.

"I am," said the party interrogated, throwing his eyes haughtily over his questionist, "I am Lord Adelm Fitzadelm: pray who are you?"

The elder stranger started back with astonishment, while among the general bursts of exclamation, which rang through the hall, the shrieks of Lady Dunore were predominantly audible. She threw herself into her son's arms,

as much transported by the theatrical scene of his unexpected appearance, as if she had not, for months, intrigued his absence. She wept and laughed with hysterical alternation; presenting him to those he already knew, and to those he had never seen before. Then turning to the stranger, she addressed him as Don Yo Mateo, Archbishop of Dublin, asked a thousand pardons, welcomed him to Dunore, and went on repeating, "was there ever any thing so charming! any thing so delightful! This is Ireland *par exemple!* Delightful Ireland, where one is never safe and never *ennuyée* for a single moment!"

Meantime the hall was cleared: the company at the castle, Lord Adelm, his friend, the officers of justice, and O'Leary, were nearly all that remained. The latter stood in the back-ground transfixed and pale, a monument of con-

sternation, and motionless as death, save that his quick glancing eyes turned alternately from Lord Adelm to his guest, and from his guest to Lord Adelm.

"But who *is* your friend?" asked Lady Dunore eagerly, and interrupting Lord Adelm's details of his journey, and pointing to the stranger, who stood talking to Judge Aubrey. "Is he a *real* Spanish monk? Sure you are not implicated in this rebellion, which is found out to be no rebellion at all."

These questions were repeated by every eye, if not by every tongue.

"Allow me to present my mother to you," said Lord Adelm, taking the stranger's hand, "the Marchioness of Dunore. General Fitzwalter, of South America, that brave Guerilla chief, whose life and fortune have been devoted to South American independence.

He is doubtless already known to you by fame, as he is in the Terra Firma, by the glorious sobriquet of the Libador."

Something like amazement was depicted in the countenance of the stranger, while he went through the forms of presentation, and listened to this detail of himself.

Lord Adelm continued uninterrupted: "I do not believe, however, that my friend aspires to the double influence of the crosier and the sword. If, at least, he ambitions the Archbishoprick of Dublin, in the course of our travelling companionship (for we came to this country together), he has not made me his confidant."

"Travelling companionship!" muttered old Crawley, with a look of alarm, while Lady Dunore reiterated welcomes and exclamations of delight, surprise, and wonder.

The question of bail was then resumed; and a form being prepared, Lord Fitzadelm signed the paper: but this was not sufficient, as the instrument required two securities.

"Oh!" cried Lady Dunore, gaily, "I'll be bail for the *archbishop*, that is, for the general: give me the pen—only think how odd! and you, Georgy, shall be another."

Young Crawley, however, gravely demonstrated the illegality of her tender, and stated that female bail was not usual.

"Well, well, Mr. Conway Crawley, you happen to be monstrously unaccommodating to-day, and very tiresome," interrupted Lady Dunore, "but I suppose it must be so. Then do you, Mr. Crawley, if you please, sign for me. I imagine that will do as well.—I mean *Crawley pere.*"

The tone and manner in which this

request was given were too peremptory to be resisted; and old Crawley, to his own amazement and consternation, became bail for the person whose arrest had taken place at his own instance, while he mentally observed, "Well, this *bates Banacher* any how."*

Young Crawley in the meantime had left the table, and was engaged in earnest conversation with his aunt apart.

Baron Boulter was profuse in his apologies, spoke with some harshness of the two Crawleys for being led away by *over* loyalty, offered to discharge the warrant altogether, and asked the general on a visit to his house whenever he should come to Dublin.

To the discharge of the warrant, General Fitzwalter firmly objected: the

* A common Irish expression, applied to the doing of an extraordinary thing.

transaction, he observed, must be followed to its consequences. To the proffered hospitality he returned a polite answer, as general in its terms as the proposition to which it replied.

Judge Aubrey sat still, in silent triumph; the ladies' eyes were all turned on the Guerilla chief; and Lord Rosbrin, seeing every thing in a dramatic point of view, talked of situations, incidents, and clap-traps.

Lord Fitzadelm now came forward, and, seconded by his mother, pressed General Fitzwalter, with earnest solicitation, to make Dunore castle his residence while he remained in the country; but before he could reply, the attention of all was suddenly attracted to the recess of the painted window, by one of the bailiffs observing to Mr. Crawley,

"Now, what am I to do with that faymale prisoner in the hall window, plaze your honor, that we took up ac-

cording to order, Mr. Crawley, going into Terence Oge's a little bit ago, and wouldn't tell her name, Sir, nor shew her face, only just axed lave, Sir, to send a bit of a message to Castle Macarthy, Sir, to the Bhan Tierna, by a bit of a gassoon, Sir, and is cooped up there forenent you, Mr. Crawley?"

"You may do with her what you plaze, Larry Costello," replied Mr. Crawley, in a dejected and absent tone, and still under the influence of profound chagrin, amazement, and alarm, which were all depicted in his countenance.

Larry Costello *plazed* to let out the prisoner from the dock where Lord Rosbrin had placed her, and to give her her liberty; when Lord Frederick, interfering, said, "By Jupiter, this lady rebel has as good a right to a fair trial by jury as the rest; and I vote that we take our seats, and impannel forthwith

for the cause of this *Pucelle de Ballydab.*"

"Oh! by all means in the world," said Lady Dunore, unsatiated by scenes, sensations, and surprises: "we must hear the *Pucelle de Ballydab;*" and she took her son's arm, who seemed satisfactorily to have accounted for his arrival; for to whatever he had said, she replied—"You are quite right—exactly —certainly. I am delighted to see you here."

The party now drew up in a circle, without resuming their seats, while the poor woman, apparently intimidated, and wishing to conceal herself, was led forward for examination by Larry Costello, who endeavoured to encourage her, by repeating:—"Hold up your head now, honey. Sure there's money bid for you. If the Bhan Tierna wil stand up for you, sorrow thing you have to fear ma'am. I'll engage she'll carry

you through, and well. Only just, sure, if you don't shew your face, their lordship's will not see it agrah."

Larry Costello, who was as easy in the presence of his superiors as the lower Irish usually are, with very little ceremony now pulled back her grey hood, and the straw bonnet it covered fell to the ground, discovering, not the coarse features of an Irish peasant, but such a head and such a countenance as might have belonged to that

"Rare Egyptian, the serpent of old Nile."

The immediate expression, however, of this singular countenance was confusion; but though the eyes were rivetted to the earth, and a colour, changeful as thought, indicated the excess of bashful womanly embarrassment, yet the acute smile, that for a moment gleamed and vanished, and a certain air of mockery and shrewdness, which seemed the na-

tural involuntary expression of the irregular but pretty features, combined to present a model for one of those happy pictures of gypsy beauty, where "fancy outworks nature," and which mingles with the admiration, its equivocal charms attract from the spectator something of fear, if not of distrust. Amazement universally, and almost audibly expressed, followed the sudden apparition of this unexpected vision.

"The BHAN TIERNA! by the powers," exclaimed Larry Costello, in consternation, and respectfully withdrawing from the prisoner's side."

"LAMBH LAIDAR ABOO!" shouted O'Leary, throwing up his wig instead of his hat in an ecstasy of triumph.

"Lady Clancare!" cried Judge Aubrey, coming forward, and taking her hand with an air of kindness and protection.

"Lady who?" said the marchioness.

"Lady Clancare did you say? Good heavens! it cannot—it is—My dear charming, odd, out of the way Lady Clancare, I have no words to express my delight. To meet you here, of all places in the world! a prisoner too! a rebel chieftainess perhaps! Oh! it's quite too good! Isn't it Georgy, love? One never meets with such things in London. But where are you come from? How fat you are grown! Why did you disappear so suddenly, when you had obtained such a *grand succés* in London? Do you know, people said all sorts of odd things of you? No one could make you out in the least; and your pretty, pretty tales, and stories, and things.—How tanned you are!—how well you look!—Georgy, love, don't you know Lady Clancare, who made the *frais* of my two last assemblies? And my forgetting you too, dear Lady Cancare, so completely, when you were out of sight, its so very odd, arn't it

Georgy; but one forgets every thing in London, except what one sees every day."

To this *Georgy* assented, at the same time renewing a very slight acquaintance with Lady Clancare, formed at Lady Dunore's parties in Town.

While the ceremonies of recognition, and the multiplicity of Lady Dunore's questions, afforded to the young Irish peeress a moment of self-collection, her spirits rallied; but still, as she threw round her eyes, there was an air of '*tongue-tied simplicity*' in her eloquent silence, which, contrasting with the expressive character of her countenance, produced, what Lord Rosbrin called, "*a fine dramatic effect.*" For

"Having lost her breath, she spoke and panted,
That she did make defect perfection,
And breathless, power breathed forth."

Her emotion seemed something be-

yond the natural confusion incidental to her actual position, and she turned her eyes with a glance of supplication on Lady Dunore, as if soliciting her interposition, to withdraw her from a situation where every look was turned on her; where she formed the centre of a circle evidently animated by idle curiosity and amused amazement. Lady Dunore, flattered by the claim made on her protection, and understanding it, drew her a little on one side, listened, smiled, laughed aloud at some detail which Lady Clancare related in a low murmuring voice, and with a countenance varying, animated, and humourous; while to the conclusion of her relation, whatever it had been, Lady Dunore, gently leading her back to the group, replied,

"Don't make the least apology. Oh! no, its better as it is, a thousand times. This impromptu is worth an hun-

dred formal premeditated visits; besides, all this never could happen but in Ireland. It was so kind in you, to suffer yourself to be taken prisoner too--you are always so amusing. But who are you, my dear creature, for I forgot to ask you when in London? You know Georgy, love, one doesn't want to know who people are in London, especially LIONS. But are you really Irish, my dear Lady Clancare?"

"Irish!" exclaimed O'Leary, with a burst of emotion beyond all power of control; and darting forward, "aye, troth is she *Irish*, body and soul. Irish, by birth, by blood, and by descent. Irish every inch of her, heart and hand, life and land! and though the mother that bore her was *Iberian* born, Bachal Essu! she was Milesian, like herself, descended from the Tyrian Hercules: and there she stands, the darling of the world, with the best blood

of Spain and Ireland flowing through her veins. A true Irish woman, that loves her country, and lives in it; long life to her! and an ancient ould countess to boot, in her own right, Anno 1565, Elizabeth, Reginæ 6; the lineal heir of Florence Macarthy More, the *fogh na galla*, and King of the Desmondi, to this blessed hour."

A smile played over the countenance of Lady Clancare, who retreated a few steps, as this address again brought every eye on her, and again covered her with confusion.

"And who are YOU? you delightful creature," cried Lady Dunore, walking round O'Leary with her glass to her eye, and more than sharing in the general surprise and amusement occasioned by his sudden appearance and speech.

"Who am I, Madam, is it?" said O'Leary, firmly, but respectfully: "I

am Terence Oge O'Leary, plaze your ladyship, of the Pobble O'Learys, of Clancare, county Kerry, anciently Cair-Reight, from Ciar-na-Luochra-Macarthy, who was King of Munster, Anno Mundi, 1525, Noah Rex. and am tributary and seneachy, or genealogist to the Macarthys, before the English was heard of, Anno Domini, 1166, Hen. secundus Rex; and defies Johannes Major Scotus, and Measter Camden, Dr. Ledwitch, and Sir Richard Musgrave, to deny that, any how, the thieves of the world! with ould Saxo Grammaticus to back them; and am, at the present speaking, a poor Irish schoolmaster, *Ludi Magister*, of Monaster-ny-Oriel; and lastly, plaze your ladyship, Madam, I am a servitor in the great Norman family of the Fitz-adelms, being fosterer, (his voice faltered)—fosterer, Madam, of him, who, though he now lies low in the ocean,

with none but myself, and the winds of heaven to moan over him, yet, if he had his right, would now be reigning here in this very castle; I mean the—"

Here General Fitzwalter advanced in front of O'Leary, leaning on Lord Fitzadelm's arm. O'Leary started back: his voice dropped, his colour changed, and he paused abruptly. The general took his place, from which he had involuntarily retreated; and some low whispered words from Lady Clancare to the marchioness, who had, during O'Leary's speech, drawn the arm of the Irish peeress through her own, now wholly diverted her attention from the *last* of those *dramatis personæ*, which the happy events of this eventful day had brought upon the stage.

Withdrawing from the circle, the two ladies, in earnest conversation, moved towards the portico, followed by

every eye. The appearance of Lady Clancare produced an instantaneous effect upon the crowd assembled at the gates.

The report had gone abroad, that the idol of popular feeling had been taken prisoner by Mr. Crawley, and brought to Dunore castle. Hundreds of wild, but strong affectioned persons, had gathered for her protection and rescue. Thousands were at her service; but her appearance, leaning on Lady Dunore's arm, lulled every fear for her safety. Cries of BHAN TIERNA GO BRACH! rent the air; and when both ladies sprung into a little cabriolet, drawn by mules, (the carriage of Lady Clancare, which had just arrived,) the name of the Marchioness of Dunore, mingled with these more national sounds, and "*long lives*," and "long reigns," were liberally distributed to both ladies.

The guests of the castle had now ad-

vanced into the portico to witness this singular scene. Lady Clancare had taken the reins; and while Lady Dunore drew her cashmir over her head and round her shoulders, her new friend turned her extraordinary countenance on the group in the portico; and with a mingled expression of extreme slyness and humour, she threw round her dark eyes. They met alternately the looks of all present; till at last fixing their glances, charged with a malicious gaiety, something between triumph and derision, on old Crawley, she kissed her little whip in salutation to all, and drove off with the lady of the castle, both laughing loud and violently.

There was in all this little transaction a something that gave a poetical image of an enchantress, whose struggles with a rival *Ogre* finally prevail and Lady Clancare looked as the *Tita-*

nia might be supposed to look, when, on Oberon's begging from her the

"Little changeling boy to be his Henchman,"

she replies in the triumph of conscious possession, "not for thy fairy kingdom!" The possession of Lady Dunore seemed to her desirable as the changeling boy to the fairy king.

With the departure of the two chieftainesses, English and Irish, the rest of the company, somewhat fatigued, and infinitely amused by the events of the morning, withdrew and dispersed, except the members of the Crawley family, who still remained in the hall, congregated in close conference.

"The game's up," said old Crawley, with his eyes fixed on the spot where the phantom of Lady Clancare still floated before him, bearing off the marchioness: "she has got her now," he

continued. "That's the way she took my *lunatic* from me, whom I'd have had to this day, only for her, and the management of his estate. That's the way too she let loose the Rabragh on the world, with the help of Judge Aubrey, just the ditto of herself. Well, the devil is not able for her, Christ pardon me; and believe after all she is the devil *ingarnet*, if the truth was known."

"This is no place for idle talking," said young Crawley, at last himself overpowered by the contentions of the day. "Follow me to my aunt's room: you see Lord Rosbrin is still in the portico—your discomfiture may be observed." He then left the hall, with his silence-stricken aunt on one arm, and his green bag under the other. Old Crawley, after a moment's pause, was preparing, with a deep sigh, to obey the authoritative commands of his son,

when Lord Rosbrin, entering the hall, arrested his steps, with a solemn beckoning of his finger, and exclaiming with a significant air—

"*My gentle Puck, come hither.*"

Crawley involuntarily obeyed the summons, though by no means liking the *nom de caresse* which accompanied it.

"Say, *my fat lad of the castle,*" continued Lord Rosbrin, "rememberest thou ought in scenic effect more striking than that last dramatic incident; I mean the old woman transformed suddenly into a *Roxalana,* or an Urganda in the burletta of Cymon? Does it not beat the skreen scene in the School for Scandal, hollow?"

"*Hollow,*" replied old Crawley, endeavouring to extricate his button from Lord Rosbrin's grasp.

"Rememberest thou," proceeded Lord Rosbrin, emphatically, "*remem-*

berest thou, since once I sat upon a promontory, and heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back, uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath, that the rude sea grew civil at her song?"

"Why, then, upon my credit, I can't say I do," returned Crawley, with another impatient effort at release.

"*That very time,*" continued the peer, "*I saw—thou could'st not—flying between the cold moon and the earth——*"

At the word *moon*, a sudden conviction of the young lord's lunacy struck on Crawley's mind; and bursting away, and leaving his button in Lord Rosbrin's grasp, he muttered, as he went along, "Devil a bit; but I believe it is full moon with you all, men, women, and children, the Lord save us!"

Lord Rosbrin, looking after him, uttered a *stage laugh*, and crying, "A

fool, a fool, a motley fool!" retired to his dressing-room, to clean some silver spangles, and cut out foil for his coronation dress in Lady Macbeth.

CHAPTER II.

"Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason comprehends."

SHAKESPEARE.

"What! shall quips and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, drive a man from the career of his humours?"

IDEM.

WHILE the guests of the castle dispersed in different directions, Lord Adelm and General Fitzwalter proceeded arm in arm together across the castle court to a sort of terrace, once a rampart, which gave on the sea.

This rampart opened by a door upon the strand; and Lord Adelm, proposing

that they should direct their steps beyond the reach of intrusion or observation, was endeavouring to draw back the rusty bolt, and obtain egress, when O'Leary, with his hat squeezed between his hands, and his countenance distorted by agitation, caught the general's eye, as he followed him at a short distance.

"What is the matter?" asked the general, turning back on his steps, and meeting the approach of his host.

"The matter, my lord! that's your honor, I mane *now* gineral, Sir, any how. Nothing is the matter, gineral, only great times, and great luck, Sir! and the young lord, the very *moral* of the honourable Gerald, his father: and the Crawley pirates foiled, Sir, for oncet: and I'd only crave a word with your honor, gineral, since it's a great gineral you are, Sir, and was a great gineral in the family an hundred years

back and more—that's the ould Brigadier, anno 1698, in armour this day at Court Fitzadelm, only no frame—but stopping a chimbley. And it's what I'd just make bould to ax your honor, and never will trouble you more, Sir, plaze Jasus! if you arn't the young lord that's laning over the battlement, waiting for you, gineral? that is Lord Fitzadelm, Sir?"

"O'Leary," said General Fitzwalter, in a soothing voice, "O'Leary, put on your hat, and go home. My good O'Leary, I shall shortly follow you to the Friary to dress, and you may bespeak me a chaise to bring me here to dinner. And, above all, O'Leary" (and he patted his hand on his shoulder as he spoke, his voice softening into a tone of great affection), "take care of the health and life of a person who is very dear—that is very *necessary* to me, O'Leary."

"And who is that?" said O'Leary, eagerly. "Is it th' aigle, gineral? Sure he's dead, Sir. Poor Cumhal's dead at last, your honor;" and the tears dropped large and fast from his eyes, but they fell not all for Cumhal.

The tone of the general's voice, and the pressure of his hand, had been too much for the state of exaltation in which the events of the morning had left him; and the death of his old companion furnished him with an excuse for weeping, which relieved his heart, weighed down with oppression.

"Dead!" repeated the general: "poor old Cumhal!"—he sighed and added, absently, "it was much such an evening as this, and such a coast too: poor Cumhal—dead!"

"Och! you need not moan him, gineral," said O'Leary, reproachfully; "he's better provided for nor them he's left behind him, Sir. For shure, he

wasn't shook off like a wither'd leaf from a young green tree, and rejected by him, that was reared on his milk, that's my wife's milk, Sir. And thought, troth, we'd break our hearts the day he was weaned; and we sent back to St. Crohan's; and wasn't long till he followed us there, *Nolens Volens*, and——"

"You are much altered since we *met*, since we *first* met in the mountains, O'Leary," interrupted the general, as he fixed his eyes on a countenance, where the perpetual conflict of revived feelings, vague doubts, and uncertain hopes, had made great ravages: "you are not well, my dear O'Leary."

"That's it, plaze your honor, I am not well, surely, Sir," said O'Leary, eagerly, "and thinks betimes that it's the lycanthropia I have got, which Maister Camden saith was common to the ancient Irish,* and affirmeth that

* The disease of the wolf—a malady attributed to the ancient Irish.

melancholie persons of this sort have pale faces, soaked and hollow eyes, with a weak sight, and never shedding one tear to the view of the world—only now, Sir, for Cumhal, the poor bird."

"We will talk this matter over to night, O'Leary," said the general, answering the impatient beckon of Lord Adelm's hand; "or to-morrow, or at no distant period: and you *shall* be well again, O'Leary, and be gay and contented as I first found you in the midst of your learned disciples; and you shall change your scene too: you shall travel with me to other countries; and then you will return to Ireland, and finish your genealogical history of the Macarthies, and dedicate it to that very '*ancient old Countess of Clancare,*' in whose favour you were so eloquent to day; and by all means get her picture if you can, for your title page: I promise you it will sell your book."

With these words, gaily pronounced,

he left him whom they had cheered, before he had time to reply; and joining the impatient Lord Adelm, they proceeded along the shore together.

There was a magic in the name of the Macarthies that operated like a spell upon the ideas and feelings of O'Leary, and drew him from the remembrance of his own griefs. General Fitzwalter had probably discovered this, for he often had recourse to it in moments when the wandering mind of the schoolmaster became immersed in recollections which were the sources of his hallucination. It now had its wonted effect; and O'Leary, as he left the castle gates, with his usual short heavy step, and his hands clasped behind his back, murmured to himself:—

"My *genealogical history of the Macarthies*, in troth; and never tould me a word since he came of the Ogygia of the great O'Flaherty, nor the Histoire

d'Irelande, by Abbé O'Gaghehan: how could he, and he in jeopardy of the Crawleys? And my codices sent to the Lord-Deputy, that's the Lord-Lieutenant; and troth, I think they'll astonish him. And the Bhan Tierna, after all, at the castle of them Dunores, after keeping out of their way, and then circumventing the Crawleys: aye, '*still on the necks of the Butlers*,' Dioul! and carrying off the great lady to herself, when it's what she couldn't help appearing before her; and letting herself be taken, and turning bad to good, always after her ould fashion. A Macarthy in the halls of the Fitzadelms: Bachal Essu! Wonders will never cease!

'Turne quod optanti divum promittere nemo
Auderet, volvenda dies en attulit ultro.'

And to see her standing in the midst of them Boddie Sassoni, just like a young scion of an old oak on the Boggras, flou-

rishing lonely and green among the scraws and briars that have sprung up in a night saison, like mushrooms."

While O'Leary was thus soliloquizing his way to the DUNORE ARMS, where a crowd was assembled, relating and listening to the extraordinary events that had taken place at the castle, the two adventurous fellow travellers were pursuing their walk up and down the sea-shore. Lord Adelm Fitzadelm, occupied with himself and his own views, as those usually are who have long engrossed the world's attention, and have become the spoiled children of society, was eager to pour the confidences of his self-love into his companions patient ear; and taking his arm, as they passed through the postern gate, he entered at once upon the history of his feelings and of his life since they had parted at Court Fitzadelm.

"I am ordinarily but little influenced,"

he observed, " by the ebb and flow of joy or sadness, which govern the capricious tide of human affections in the every-day children of the world: yet *I am* glad, sincerely glad to see you here; glad that it may be in my power to return some part of the hospitable rites which, as a stranger, I received at your hands; and happy that my timely presence has been the means of saving you from at least a *temporary* inconvenience, and rescuing you from some intrigue of my mother's friends, the Crawleys, which might have involved you in transient vexations, though eventually they must have fallen of themselves into insignificance.

" I am not quite so certain of that," returned General Fitzwalter: " had they succeeded in shutting me up at the present moment, they might have crossed me in pursuits, to myself, at least, big with importance. They might have

succeeded in throwing suspicion on my character, which, at a future moment, might have invalidated my testimony, when all but honour will be at stake. Their motives of action are, however, still a mystery."

To me it seems impossible," replied Lord Adelm, " that you could come into the sphere of intrigue of these reptiles. There is a sort of poetical elevation in your character, your profession, or rather your vocation, that places you so far out of the reach of the meddling little faction of an Irish district. The admiral of the gallant fleet of Martingaria, the general in chief of the guerrilla troops of the mighty Cordilleras, a warrior, a patriot, in a word, YOU in the power of the Crawleys! This is a solecism not easily understood! and

' Comes not within the prospect of belief."

" You measure my character by the

elevation of the great regions in which it was developed; and associate me personally with the glorious cause in which I was involved. But how came you by these facts? Where did you learn that the Commodore of the LIBRADOR had once commanded the little fleet of Martingaria, or had been distinguished by an higher command among the cloud-embosomed Cordilleras?"

"Where?" repeated Lord Adelm, with animation, "and how? Why may not I have my Egeria or my dæmon, as well as another? for if I obtained not my information through super-human agency, faith, I know not how I got it, or *came by it*."

"You speak enigmas."

"I have lived in them of late."

"And the sphinx who has presided over them is still, I suppose, Mrs. Magillicuddy," said Fitzwalter, ironically.

"Not exactly," replied Lord Adelm, dryly, "except Mrs. Magillicuddy be

a sort of *petite maitresse*-sphinx, fanciful and elegant as she is mysterious and powerful: one, for example, who traces 'thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,' upon paper, that blushes roses and smells of them; one who takes for her device, *love depriving flowers of their thorns*, and for her motto, '*Sou utile ainda que Briccando.*"

The general started; and Lord Adelm, producing a small embroidered letter-case, took from it three billets, written on rose-coloured paper, and literally breathing odours. The seal and motto, to which he pointed, were no strangers to the general's eyes.

"I might," he continued, "shew you the contents of these billets; for with the exception of a few detailed facts, they are vague and mysterious as Delphic oracles, but that I hold them sacred to the very *mysticism* they profess. In style they are almost

too fanciful, light, and delicate, even for a woman's dictation, though at the same time in substance obscure as diplomatic cyphering. In short, I am lost in wild conjecture."

"Oh! I see Queen Mab hath been with you," observed the general, laughing, and amused by the visionary credulity of the noble idealist, which seemed to have lost nothing of its eccentricity since they had parted.—"Are you, then, become a devotee to a more philosophical sect than the school of *faëry*, one of the illuminati, the invisible brothers, the *fratres roris cocti*, whose communion is confined to sprites, sylphs, and gnomes, and whose secret of all human good lies in the *essences of concocted dew?*"

"Nay, you may laugh as you will; but I hold the principles of the Rosicrucian philosophy in high respect. Whatever elevates the imagination, whatever raises

us above the groveling lot of earthly existence, unites us to a spiritual world, shakes off the dross of mere humanity, and purifies and refines our nature, are at least glorious illusions. I have always loved the poetical and religious grandeur of the Rosicrucian doctrines, their 'divine energy,' or SOUL, diffused throughout the frame of the universe; their '*Archæus*,' or universal spirit; the influence of their bright starry Providence; the government of light and harmony; their brilliant dæmons and delicious sylphs. I do not," he continued, as his imagination heated with its own workings, "I do not, I confess, blush to own myself the dupe of those high-wrought dreams of physical possibility which inspired NUMA in his grotto, or SOCRATES in his cell; and I wish not, at this moment, to dissipate the impression that there may, that their *does* exist for me, some crea-

ture of æther and light, some legitimate child of the spheres, which, always invisibly nigh, watches over my sunless life-path, throwing a ray over the heart's dark desolation, and shining upon the ruins of memory, like the gleam that now falls upon that tottering pile before us."

"It talks well; but one *real* lovely woman is worth it all," said the general, reddening as he spoke, from the energy of his feeling—"But your invisible sylph, if sylph you will have her, seems to me a malicious little imp, and more like the '*shrewd and knavish sprite called Robin Goodfellow*,' than a delicate aeriel; for she has led you a dance

> 'Over hill, over dale,
> Through bush, through briar,
> Over park, over pale,
> Through flood, through fire,'

without any apparent object in her

agency, if it be not to amuse her own splenetic gaiety, or to work upon your imagination."

"Of you, at least," said Lord Fitzadelm, "whether *gnome* or *sylph*, or woman, she merits well, for *you* are the object of her *special* protection."

"I!" said the general, starting—"indeed!"

"Judge for yourself. Of three billets received from my lovely invisible (for lovely she must be, whether mortal or sprite), one led me from Portugal to Ireland, by informing me of my mother's intrigue to smuggle me into the borough of Glannacrime, *bon gré, malgré!* another fixed my residence in the neighbourhood of Kilcolman, by announcing it the native region of my guardian spirit, (where, by the bye, I vainly waited her brilliant apparition), and the third urged my instant departure for Dunore, by intimating that my

travelling companion, General Don Fitzwalter, the illustrious South-American chief, was about to become the victim of the loyal suspicions of the petty despots of the place. I was not surprised to find that you belonged to history, and immediately hastened to your assistance; too late, indeed, to warn you of your danger; but, I trust, in time to avert its consequences."

"This looks like magic indeed," said the general, after a moment's pause. "I had no reason to suppose I was known to any human being in this country: for wishing to avoid the inconveniences which follow the éclat of a public character, I have concealed my name, profession, and title, which might have reached even this remote spot, through the medium of the newspapers, now that the eyes of all Europe are directed on the glorious struggles of South-America. But I can only be an

object of interest to this powerful spirit, in as much as she supposes me your friend. It is you whom she has led from Portugal to Ireland through the solitudes of the Galties, amidst the shades of Court Fitzadelm: it is for you that she has called spirits from the vasty deep in the questionable shapes of Mrs. Magillicuddy and Mr. Owny. She had provided you a lodging too in the neighbourhood of Dunore, in case she found it necessary to preserve your incognito; and by this arrangement I have profitted; for my host O'Leary, till he saw us together, insisted on my being Lord Adelm Fitzadelm, and as such received me for his tenant, which he would not otherwise have done."

The general, as he spoke, was occupied in searching among some papers for the mysterious letter which had preceded his arrival at the priory: "Here," he said, "is a letter from your sylph,

not, however, breathing and blushing roses, but written in human characters, on a material substance, and respiring turf smoke. O'Leary, who is a Rosicrucian in his way, insists that it came from *the good people*, the designation of Irish faëry."

Lord Adelm took the letter in surprise, and read it with emotion. "It is," he said, "the writing and the seal. May I keep this letter?" he asked after a pause.

"Oh, certainly," replied the general, carelessly: "it does not concern me; you of course will find out who this invisible agent is; and then——"

"That is not so certain," interrupted Lord Fitzadelm: "she wraps herself in impenetrable seclusion, throws a veil of mystery over her motions, as over her person, and in her fanciful epistles, though there is much to excite wonder, there is nothing to feed hope

" further than the interest she takes in me."

" Interest indeed! but you cannot for a moment consider this adventure in any other light than as a mere *bonne fortune*, however singularly it has been conducted."

" O! there is satiety in that thought, in that term at least; and to confess the truth, I do not wish to *dull* the delight of this mystic union by exploring its causes, or assigning it a motive or object. I love to think that in the pauses snatched from the *tedium* of society, I may inhale the sigh, and listen to the song of this nymph of the air, as I caught the one on the ruins of Holy-cross, and hung upon the other, amidst the desolation of Court Fitzadelm, for I am convinced of her presence on both occasions, and to believe that our communion is divine, and that our alliance will become immortal."

"And I," said the general, with warmth, "I would not give up the idea of this *invisible correspondent* being a woman, a true devoted woman, were I in your place, to be an object of adoration to a '*world of spirits.*' Were I the object of such zeal, vigilance, and devotion, had *I* called forth such talent, spirit, and ingenuity, I would not long remain ignorant of my invisible guardian. I would force my way through the mystery which conceals her, I would follow her from pole to pole, over alps and oceans, or remain fixed and rooted to the spot she inhabited; woo her, win her, cling to her, cherish her"

"And—*marry her*—", interrupted Lord Adelm, yawning.

"Marry her!" repeated the general in a tone as if some sudden association of ideas were abruptly awakened by this proposition; then, after a pause, he asked abruptly—"What do you think

of that pretty, but extraordinary, looking, Lady Clancare? Her appearance was altogether sudden and singular."

"Oh! she struck me to be a mere *minaudiere!* some stale *engouement* of my mother's, who came in this extraordinary way upon the scene, merely to make a sensation, and startle back Lady Dunore into a faded prepossession. You may *trust* me on the score of my mother's fancies. This wild Irish peeress has been one of the *lions*, I suppose, of a London season, has been exhibited for her brogue or her howl, or shewn off 'as *the lady*, whose father was hanged in the rebellion;' for my mother, who is one of the reigning autocrats of fashion, brings people into vogue upon her *own* emotions, as the old Dutchess of G. did upon a fiddle-string; and *weeps* or *wonders* them into notoriety, as her grace *danced* them into ton. This Lady Clancare has 'fretted *her* hour upon

the stage,' and was heard no more; and she now issues from her own castle, a prisoner *with her own consent* into ours, merely to get up a scene, and occasion a *réchauffée*, in my capricious mother's 'promptly cold affections.'"

"She seems, however, to have succeeded, for she carried off Lady Dunore, even from you, who were so little expected, so freshly arrived, and so rapturously received."

"Oh! that is quite my mother. She is an excellent person in her way; but in her *engouemens* her feelings are—

> 'Momentary as a sound,
> Swift as a shadow—short as any dream.'

Be not you, therefore, misled by her favour. You are made to win it; but even you will find it 'sweet, but not permanent.'"

"I shall not remain here to put her ladyship's stability to the test. I expect

my little vessel round by the first fair wind, and then I am off.''

"No, no," interrupted Lord Fitzadelm, "you do not mean that. You will not leave me here with dawdling dandies, and cast coquettes; for, save my excellent uncle DALY and Eversham, who, though a coxcomb, is a perfect gentleman, the whole *set-out* at Dunore castle is, I saw at a glance, perfectly detestable: but that I am spell-bound here, I would fly off with you to South America to-morrow."

"And your election?''

"I have not even thought of that yet. If I am returned, however, I shall pursue my own course: if I am worsted I shall be left to follow it; but all depends upon how my mother stands implicated: what is done cannot be undone: for the present, however, other objects touch me more nearly."

The castle bell (for they were still

pacing backwards and forwards beneath the rampart) now intimated the hour for dressing; and Lord Adelm, urging the general's quick return, subjoined an ardent request that he would take up his residence at the castle, while his business detained him in the neighbourhood.

This Fitzwalter, with his wonted tone of decision, promptly refused. He insisted upon their original stipulation, which had guaranteed mutual and perfect freedom of action.

"How necessary it is to me," he continued, "yourself shall judge." He paused for a moment, placed himself between Lord Adelm and the postern gate, at which he was about to enter, and with a low voice and rapid but emphatic enunciation, he continued—"I am here in this neighbourhood for the purpose of recovering my birth-right, of which, in my boyhood, I was fraudulently bereaved. I am here for the

purpose of dispossessing a powerful family of princely property, titl, honours, and influence of vast extent, which, but for my unexpected re-appearance on the scene, would in right be their's. To effect this, the testimony of the lowly, and proofs in possession of the illiterate and the prejudiced, are necessary. My agents lie amongst those, purchaseable by their poverty or assailable by their simplicity. My opponents are among the great, the powerful, the noble, and the wily. Vigour, promptitude, perseverance, and secrecy, are the arms given me to contend with. Judge then how necessary to my views are perfect freedom, obscurity of position, and disengagement of mind. I am here collecting witnesses, whom I dare not trust with the secret of their own evidence. Brought forward in society in this country, I should come into contact with those whom I am bound, *not to injure*

(for I come but to claim my rights), but *to dispossess*: it may be to receive their hospitality in the common intercourse of the world, or to awaken suspicion by rejecting it. I might, perhaps, too, so ally myself to some one interesting member of that family, who, united to me by blood, and endeared to me by splendid qualities, would eventually weaken my efforts in the cause of justice, general as well as personal: in a word—" he stopped abruptly: his eye darkened, his under lip trembled, and his silence was that of strong emotion; a seeming struggle between the impulse of a generous frankness, and the caution of necessary prudence.

"Pray go on," said Lord Adelm, impatiently: "your story interests me;" and he seated himself upon an abutment of the rampart, forgetful of the time, the place, of every thing, but the extraordinary person who stood before him;

and who now, like a creature restored to its native element, was energized by strong passion, and animated by emotions best adapted to his nature and existence.

"In a word then," continued the general, firmly, and after a pause, "such a person as I have described exists; and I have suddenly but *decidedly* resolved to make him, who must chiefly suffer by my claims, the sole confidant of my strenuous efforts to establish them; to relate to him a story which will cover those nearest to him with ignominy, and tend to deprive him of the greatest objects of the world's ambition. Imagine how highly I think of the honour and the spirit of this person, of the truth of his character, of the elevation of his mind, of the disinterested generosity of his nature."

"By heavens! I would rather be that selected person," said Lord Adelm, im-

petuously—"I would rather merit and obtain such proofs of esteem, confidence, and admiration, than possess the highest sounding titles, which eventually await me, or lord it over these rich domains, which must one day be mine."

"WOULD YOU?" exclaimed the general, catching his extended hand in a grasp of iron; "would you—" he stopped short: a slight convulsion passed across his countenance, and, suddenly letting fall the hand he so firmly held, he added—"But you shall hear my story: I will confide to you events, and names blasted by those events, consigned to shame and ignominy, which have long lain deep buried in my heart with feelings of indignation, stifled, indeed, but not extinct. In *my* person justice has been set aside, right overthrown, nature's holiest ties violated; my nearest kindred have been my deadliest foes, and the legal guardians of my youth

have torn me from my natural position in society, exposed me to misery, to slavery; through them I have been bought and sold like beasts of burden; through them——" He paused abruptly: he clenched his hands with a violence that proceeded from acute and powerful feeling, seeking vent in physical sensation, acute even to pain; then with a flashing eye, and an illuminated countenance, he added—" But it is passed, and I have asserted all the rights of man, recovered and protected them for myself and others: I have broken the chain of oppression wherever I have found it galling the oppressed: I have fought my way to glory and success; and now, I trust, I come to illustrate the name I claim, to add to the splendour, not to darken the brightness, of hereditary nobility. This, however, is no moment——"

" Yes, yes," said Lord Adelm, catch-

ing his enthusiasm, and borne away by the energy and rapidity of his manner, "go on; this is the time."

"Will you," said General Fitzwalter, after a long pause, "will you trust yourself to-night in my lodging among the ruins of Monaster-ny-Oriel?"

"To night! at what hour?"

"The tide will be out at midnight: by taking the strand you will reach the Friary in less than twenty minutes."

"At midnight, then," said Lord Adelm, shaking the hands of his companion; and, for the first time in his life, interested in the details of a story of which he was not himself the hero; for till this moment he had never been associated with one, whose high qualities and superior endowments assimilated with his own. The singularity and mystery of the stranger's position had also fastened with tenacious influence on his imagination; and a secret mid-

night interview, for the purpose of receiving a momentous confidence, in the ruined towers of a desolated abbey, on the wild shores of the vast Atlantic, had each their due effect; and, for the moment, the invisible sylph was superseded, if not forgotten, in the interest excited by the stranger chief.

The dressing bell had now ceased to ring; and the new, but firm friends, parted for the moment.

CHAPTER III.

"Rongé de fiel et bouffi d'orgueil."

As the judges were to proceed on their journey early in the evening, dinner had been advanced by nearly an hour earlier than the ordinary time, and the last bell had rung before any one had descended to the saloon. The judges alone were impatiently observing the gradual refrigeration of soups, fish, and patés, as the party dropped into the dining-room, one by one. Lord Adelm and General Fitzwalter were among the last. They came in together, and all were standing in expectation of the entrance of the marchioness,

when a servant presented a note to Lady Georgina.

"Oh!" said Lady Georgina, as she finished a few lines, written with a pencil on a bit of twisted paper, "here is a note from Lady Dunore: she desires me to offer apologies to all for her absence, to take the chair, and to say that she will join us at the dessert.—She dates from Castle Macarthy, the seat of Lady Clancare.''

Some smiled at this last intelligence, and some looked sad: among the former were Lord Frederick and Mr. Daly: the latter were exclusively composed of the Crawleys—all took their places at the table. The presence of the servants prevented the turn the conversation would otherwise have taken from the circumstances of the morning; and the dinner passed off with a heaviness, which not even some occasional flashes from Baron Boulter could en-

liven. Lord Adelm, with his look of habitual haughtiness and abstraction, sat silent and reserved. Judge Aubrey talked only in a low voice with General Fitzwalter, who sat next him. The Crawleys, formal and constrained, equally by the presence of Lord Adelm, who did not notice them, and of a person whom they had calumniated, and would have injured, scarcely concealed the chagrin and vexation under which they laboured. Lord Frederick murmured soft nonsense and satirical remarks into Lady Georgina's "*pleased ear,*" Mr. Heneage was too fine, Lord Rosbrin and Mr. Pottinger too busy to speak, while the absence of Lady Dunore's restless vivacity was evinced by the general quietude of the table, which was solemn and dull as any fashionable dinner of extreme London bon-ton could have been.

The announce of the judges' carriages

before Lady Dunore's return, and while the fruit was still upon the table, induced the whole party to rise, and adjourn to coffee and the drawing-room, *à la francaise;* and Mr. Daly, shocked at the want of all bienseance in his niece towards her high judicial guests, endeavoured to apologize for her absence, by jokingly remarking that she had fallen into the thraldom of some enchantment; and that he did not doubt that the pretty Lady Clancare was some "Irish night-tripping fairy," who had carried her off, for special reasons, known only to the high court of faéry.

"By the bye," said Lord Frederick, "I should like to be better acquainted with that same Lady Clancare, who chose to be made a prisoner, just *pour s'egayer!* Does no one know any thing about her?"

"Not a great deal, I believe," said Miss Crawley, eagerly and pointedly,

"at least in this neighbourhood, my lord."

"More than is good," muttered old Crawley; while Lady Georgina, not perhaps quite satisfied with Lord Frederick's inquiries, replied,

"Oh, you must have seen her last season in London. Lady Dunore shewed her off for a night or two, and took her from old Lady Newbank, who picked her up, as she picks up all odd people and old china, nobody knows where."

"What does she do?" said Lord Frederick, sipping his coffee. "Is she one of the '*Guitararie*,' *the* '*Tu mi Chamas*' ladies, who thrum'd us to death, when Spain was in vogue? '*Et Dieu sait la raclerie que c'étoit.*' Or does she play the '*devil?*' or is she a waltzer, or a quadriller? or does she invent Chinese puzzles? or make mottos and draw trophies, or what?"

"I think she was brought about for writing books," said Lady Georgina, languidly, "as well as I remember."

"Writing books!" re-echoed Lord Frederick in a tone of alarm: "you don't really mean that?"

"Not absolutely books, I believe, but *tales, stories,* something about Ireland, and Spain, and South America. I almost forget what; but I fancy people thought they were very amusing and odd."

"*De tout mon cœur,*" said Lord Frederick, "I have no objection. But with respect to ladies that write books, '*en tout et par tout, je quitte la partie.*' It's a pity too, for she's a pretty, odd, shy, sly looking concern enough. But really Lady Dunore's bringing a live author down upon us, *à porte fermée,* as we are living at present, is too bad; and the worst of all authors, a *noble* author. 'Tis misprision of treason, against

all ease, comfort, and enjoyment. Has she a husband belonging to her, do you know?"

"Oh dear, no," said Miss Crawley, eagerly. "She is *a peeress in her own right*—he! he! he! She has nothing belonging to her; she is a very independent sort of person:" and she laughed affectedly.

"In fact," said young Crawley, "we know nothing of the lady whatever, except that such a person came down to this neighbourhood two years ago; took an old ruined mansion, called *Castle Macarthy*, in the village of Ballydab, *passed* herself as the grand-daughter and heir of old Denis Macarthy, commonly called the titular Earl of Clancare, who died in Dublin in jail about that period; and with no other inheritance than an old greyhound, and no other proof of the truth of her story than her own assertion, entered

at once upon a scheming course of litigiousness, broke some leases, and—"

"Took my iligant mountain of Clotnotty-joy from me," interrupted old Crawley, despondingly.

The pathetic tone in which this was pronounced excited some mirth; and Mr. Daly observed, "if then she breaks leases, and made good her claim to Clotnotty-joy, there can be no doubt, I suppose, that she is the personage she asserts herself to be."

"There is *none* whatever," said Judge Aubrey, who had sat silently listening, while Baron Boulter went to the stables, to look after a favourite mare, ridden by his crier, "there is none whatever. I have had opportunities of knowing something of this young lady; but I did not know before that she labours under *the odium* of writing books, for there is certainly no personification of authorship about her—no pretension whatever."

"And that's the *pity of it*," said Lord Frederick: "there is, on the contrary, an odd melange of the shy and the comic in her countenance, that one would think pretty if she was not an author."

"Comic!" interrupted old Crawley, gradually resuming his wonted tone of spirits, by mere force of temperament, while his eye occasionally turned on the stranger with a look of doubtful anxiety, as if some vague, unsatisfied suspicion still lurked in his mind—"Och! she's comical enough;—a little *too* comical, like Paddy Mooney's goose, full of fun and nothing to play with."

The coarse vulgarisms of Mr. Crawley always excited unrestrained mirth in the finer part of the society at Dunore Castle; and Lord Frederick, laughingly replied,

"I should like then to know Mr. Mooney's goose most particularly: for I vote *fun* the best thing alive; and if

your Lady Clancare has this talent in common with Mr. Mooney's goose, I believe I should almost be inclined to pardon the possession of others, even though they went as far as writing books. Pray, is this literary peeress in her own right rich?"

"Rich!" said young Crawley, "nobody knows how she exists; and people laugh at her pretension to rank. The person last bearing the title of Clancare died abroad without issue: and in Ireland titles are so frequently claimed by pauper pretenders, that little attention is paid to such events. We had, not long since, a basket boy a viscount, and a turf-cutter a baron; and have still, occasionally, all sorts of adventurers returning to claim pennyless rank in this country, in the hopes of obtaining a pension from government along with it."

"The statement which appeared respecting the extinction of this title was

incorrect," said Judge Aubrey; "for although the former Earl of Clancare died in Italy without issue, yet a representative of the title was found to exist in the person of the late Mr. Macarthy, whose lineal ancestors were included in the general attainder of the Catholic peers who supported James the Second in the war of the Revolution. These attainders, however, have, with a few exceptions, been reversed. I sat upon the Clancare cause, which terminated in the success and the ruin of the old chieftain. He obtained his title, which descends in the female line, but died, as Mr. Conway Crawley states, a few days after in prison, where he had been detained for costs for two years, having ruined himself for the honour of his family. Since that event, I have had the pleasure of once meeting Lady Clancare upon an occasion that did equal honour to her heart and her head. She inte-

rested herself in the fate of a person condemned to perpetual incarceration, under the shameful Irish BYE-LAW called a RULE of BAIL. She came to me last spring assizes twelvemonth, and made so clear and undeniable a statement of the man's innocence, and adduced so many proofs, that there was little difficulty and great justice in reversing the order under which he suffered. He is now gaining an honest livelihood, and runs a chaise and pair of his own, I understand, on some of the bye-roads between Cork and Kerry. Every one knows Owny, the Rabragh,* and is glad to employ him; for he occasionally realizes all that has been said of the shrewdness and humour of an Irish postillion."

* An Irish scholar translated this term for me—a "hearty fellow:" it in fact means a rustic "gay Lothario."

General Fitzwalter and Lord Adelm exchanged glances of significance.

" A little hanging would do him no harm for all that, with great deference to your lordship," said old Crawley; " for there was neither *pace* nor *quiet* while he was in the barony, setting up the fairs and patterns after they were put down by *milithary law*, and burning *me* in *elegy*, and thinking a *beau-maison* of himself, as the French says; with his white shirt sleeves and green ribbons, at all the hurling matches that never would have been but for him, and the likes of him, in the place; and *too* many of them there are, without having him turned on our hands again."

" I am glad of it," said Mr. Daly; " and I wish with all my soul we had more rabraghs. The Irish peasantry are not only more indigent than they were forty years ago, but they have lost much of the gaiety and cheerfulness

of spirit, which set sorrow at defiance. Their wakes and fairs, patterns, and Sunday evening cake, are almost wholly laid aside: these, and the hurling matches, that noble, athletic, and national sport, are quite gone by: and of the troops of pipers and harpers that used to perform daily in their villages, or resort to the houses of the gentry, where welcome entertainment and ample remuneration awaited them, there scarce remain any of the order. I remember as if it were but yesterday, fifty years back, heading the Leitrim boys against the Kerries, who were led on by old Florence Macarthy, the very grandfather of this Lady Clancare, in an hurling match between the counties. Macarthy won the match, and more than the match, for he won the heart of the pretty Honor O'Connor, the toast of the two provinces, whom he afterwards married, and who, with

all the reigning beauties of the day, followed the fortunes of the contest. "It warms one's old blood," continued Mr. Daly, starting up, with animation, "even at seventy-three, to think of the native energy, force, and spirit of the genuine Irish character; and it chills it;" he added, with a sigh, and retaking his seat, "when one thinks upon the means which must have been employed within the last thirty years to weaken and turn it from its natural bias. To see that it is only great, vigorous, and fortunate, when transplanted from its native clime; but withering, drooping, and fading at home.—I doubt, Sir," he added, turning to General Fitzwalter, "that had you remained at home (for I take it for granted you are one of those gallant Irishmen, who are forced by religious proscription to seek glory in a foreign land), I doubt that *you* would have de-

veloped those great qualities in this devoted country, which have obtained for you, elsewhere, the epithet of *the liberator*, and have enabled you in a land of strangers to fight your way to high command, and higher consideration."

General Fitzwalter had given to the details of this desultory conversation that animated and earnest attention which betokens deep interest. Thus personally addressed, he replied, with the abrupt frankness of one who rather courts than shuns observation,

"I *am* an Irishman, Sir, and have been long *an exile*, but not from religious proscription, (for my family were of the *master cast*), but by circumstances connected with the political state of the country, through that demoralization which the misrule of centuries has impressed upon all the branches of its population. Turned adrift upon the

world without compass or rudder, without a home to love, friends to cherish, or a country to defend or serve, I became by necessity a commoner of nature; and unfettered by the distinctions of clime, country, or kindred, I have early claimed alliance with all who suffer, whatever might be the region they inhabited.

"The chances which threw me on the shores of America brought me early in life in contact with Don Narino.* Engaging in *his* glorious enterprise, when the possible emancipation of Spanish America was yet little more than a philosophical speculation, it was my good fortune to share his dungeon in Santa Fe, his escape to Europe, and his mission to England. I accom-

* Narino visited England in consequence of certain plans entertained by the British ministry for separating Terra Firma from Spain.

panied him also in his venturous return to New Granada, where, backed by English protection, he again risked his life in his country's cause. Proscribed, marked out for destruction, pursued, discovered, taken, he expiated the crime of patriotism by a long series of misery and incarceration. Narino has since appeared before the world in all his original splendour; and I, in common with many of my gallant countrymen,(*) have continued to follow the standard of liberty, from the moment it was openly unfurled among the mighty regions of the Cordelliras."

"*Borne* it, not followed it," said Lord Adelm.

"The stranger," said Fitzwalter, "who risks his fortune in a foreign land on general principles of right and liberty, usually becomes the favourite of the more interested partizans. I have, therefore, occasionally *led*, as well as

* See Note (1) at the end of the volume.

served, in almost every part of Spanish America, where the glorious impulsion of freedom has been given. In a late action, more than half the corps I commanded were massacred in a pass of the Cordelliras; for the war of Spain against America is named, even by the Spaniards, a 'war of death.' As their chief, I was reserved for torture, and for an ignominious death. It was a romantic event, that one of the guards, placed over me, had in early life done me an injury that weighed heavily on his conscience. He took this moment for reconciling himself with heaven, released, and fled with me. I escaped from the Caraccas to Demerara, where, through the channel of the public papers, an event of great personal interest accidentally reached my knowledge, which the remoteness and occupation of my scene of action, together with my more immediate incarceration, prevented me from sooner learning.—This event has

brought me to my native country: and though, as an Irishman, I should, on general grounds, lament the circumstances which introduced me to the castle of Dunore, yet upon principles of personal gratification I am not sufficiently disinterested to regret them."

This brief sketch of auto-biography was thrown off with a frankness and energy of manner that gave it singular effect, and bestowed upon it all the evidence of truth, and all the graces of modesty, while it obtained for the brilliant and singular narrator an admiration variously felt and expressed.

"Go on, General Fitzwalter, go on," cried a voice from the door: "you have no idea how you remind me of Kosiusko, when I went to see him in London, lying wounded upon a sofa. You *raconter* so like him; doesn't he, Georgy love? I must say, after all, that patriotism and freedom and things always sound delightfully."

This speech drew every eye to the spot from whence it proceeded; and Lady Dunore appeared, leaning her back against the half-open door, concealing the figure of Lady Clancare, whose dark eyes were just seen peeping over her shoulder.

The ladies had entered thus far unobserved, for the company sat with their backs to the door, at the moment when Mr. Daly had addressed General Fitzwalter; and Lady Dunore, who loved to hear every thing about every one, and loved it the more in proportion as events were extraordinary, stood spell-bound while the general spoke, as forgetful of her 'dear delightful judges,' as if they had never existed. They were now, however, recalled to her recollection by the entrance of Baron Boulter, bearing the intelligence that all was ready for their departure; and Lady Dunore, translating the reproachful look and shake of her uncle's head, came for-

ward with a multitude of apologies for her absence, many anxious intreaties that they would prolong their stay, and as deep-formed wishes that they would return, with *all their wives and all their children*, to pass some time at Dunore, where she was going to have private plays and a chapel of ease, and Lady Clancare, and perhaps *more trials.*

The judges, however, seemed perfectly satisfied with the trials they had already witnessed; and Baron Boulter, as spokesman, received and returned her ladyship's compliments with all the ardour and earnestness with which they were made. The judges were then conducted to their carriages by Lord Adelm and Mr. Daly, and departed.

Lady Dunore now led, or rather forced forward, the really, or affectedly timid Lady Clancare, who, with the

manner that resembled the graceful awkwardness of a pretty but froward child, still held back. Lady Dunore, heated and dishevelled, was still in her morning dress, with her *sautoir de cashmir* rolled round her head, and a grey cloak of Lady Clancare's on her shoulders, exhibiting a most sybil-like appearance. Lady Clancare, on the contrary, had exchanged her coarse unbecoming costume of the morning, for a black Spanish dress and mantillo, which were then still in fashion, for whatever was *peninsular* in sentiment or habiliment had not yet fallen "into the sear" of popularity.

Lady Dunore, whose eyes were fixed upon her new protegée with delight and admiration, now turned them on the company, to observe the effect she had produced, and at last fixed their eager glances upon General Fitzwalter, with an expression, which, if not attributable

to her wonted extravagance, was wholly untranslatable. There was in this intense stare a hope, a fear, something expected, something dreaded. General Fitzwalter, whose eyes, like those of the rest of the company, were turned on Lady Clancare, in mere curiosity, at last met those of Lady Dunore. For a moment they returned her fixed look, till reddening under the intensity of her gaze, he turned away, and picking up a screen, which lay at Lady Georgina's feet, he seized on this little act as an opportunity for addressing her. Lady Dunore whispered something to Lady Clancare, who smiled, and threw down her eyes; and Mr. Daly, entering with Lord Adelm, was commencing his attack on his inconsequent niece, with "how could you, my dear Emily, leave your own house and the judges?" when Lady Dunore, impatiently putting her

hand on his mouth, interrupted him with—"there, there, I know all you would say, all any one *can* say, on the subject; but you don't really want me to bring the etiquette and tiresome forms of the world into the wilds of Ireland. Besides, if I have done wrong, I bring my excuse in my hand," and she drew forward Lady Clancare.

"You could not bring a fairer," said Mr. Daly, with an air of gallantry; "and had I been so tempted, I too should have so sinned I fear, though the whole bench of bishops, and all the judges of the land, had been making claims on my attention. I had the honour," he added, addressing Lady Clancare, "of knowing your ladyship's venerable grandfather, some short half century back. He was not very *venerable* then:—he was, indeed, as he is now present in my recollection, of a race of men, in stature, look, and cha

racter, now almost passed away in this country—we shall not look upon their like again."

Lady Clancare bowed to this recollection of her grandfather; and though she spoke not, there was something passed across her countenance, which induced Mr. Daly to take her hand, under pretence of leading her to her chair; and he felt (or he fancied he felt) a gentle pressure of his, which he returned with an ardour that did not *quite* belong to seventy-three.

"Oh! par example, for fine men," said Lady Dunore, throwing herself into an arm chair, "I think they are really quite extinct with us altogether. You know, Georgy love, we were observing at the opera, the last night we were there, that we thought all the presumptive heirs of the great names were pigmies. There is nothing coming forward now at all like the Dukes of A. and H—,

the Marquis of A—, and the old Earl of E—, in his coronation robes, and that sort of thing. The fact is, though no one can be *more devoted* to the present ministry than I am, I must say they are by no means distinguished looking men. None of that school at all '*shew blood*,' as the old Duchess of B. used to say. However, men may govern the state very well without being beauties, or poets either; for, as Lady C. says, if the opposition have all the *wit* on their side, the *joke's all on our's*. But with respect to those magnificent creatures that one used to meet in London, I think all that sort of thing now is confined to the patriots, that is the Poles, and South American chiefs. Don't you think so, Georgy, love?" and she turned her eyes on General Fitzwalter.

To get rid of the awkwardness of this pointed compliment, which evidently distressed its object, Mr. Daly addressed

General Fitzwalter, with some observations on a country where he had played so distinguished a part. "South America," he observed, "is well known to us in the Spanish histories of its early discoverers, when Spain invaded it under the simoniacal pretext of *religion;* letting loose, at the same time, *blood-hounds* and *apostles,* while they opened its mineral veins, and exterminated its population. But it is only *now* that it has become an object of interest through the exertions of those states, which are seeking to shake off the yoke, that has almost deprived these great regions of a place in the history of nations; the impulse, however, must have been given long since."

General Fitzwalter replied. "The oppression and cruelty of the colonial legislatures, which have so long bathed the richest country of the world with the tears and the blood of her children,

had excited, even as far back as the middle of last century, events, which seemed remotely to prepare a new destiny for a population of fourteen millions of its inhabitants. To a torpid acquiescence of three centuries succeeded a gathering tempest, a kindling resistance. The spirit of freedom, once vivified, rapidly brightened into flame, shining from north to south; and the period soon arrived, when every American heart beat in union under its influence. The oppressor and the oppressed stood before the world's eye, opposed and armed. The Americans would have made it a war of justice and of mercy; for they had suffered much, and have learned to pity; but the ferocity of Spain has made it a war of extermination.* Internal divisions may

* The Spaniards term their contest with America, *la Guerra a muerta*—the war of death.

render this conflict long and uncertain; but the cause belongs to humanity: it springs from the laws of nature, and is inevitable; it is borne along by the spirit of the age and the progress of illumination, and it must finally succeed."

"To be sure it must," said Lady Dunore. "Don't you think so, Georgy, love?"

"For my part, I don't know," said Conway Crawley, with his brogue and his effrontery, "what *parsons* mean about *giving liberty and independence* to an unformed race like the South Americans; a race defined by one of the Spanish FISCALS as creatures destined by nature to work like moles in the mines. We have all read the solemn declaration of the CONSULADO, or board of trade, in Mexico, that the Indians are a race of monkies, filled with vice and ignorance; and they have extended

their remarks, I believe pretty justly, to the creoles, or degenerate descendants of the first Spanish settlers."

"*That*, indeed, changes the thing altogether," said Lady Dunore, "not but a race of monkies must be very amusing and very mischievous. Don't you think so Georgy, dear?"

"It was," said Mr. Daly, "these *same sagacious fiscals*, who ordered the olive and the vine to be rooted out of Chili, to compel a commerce with the peninsula. And it was in the bosoms of these American automata," he continued, "of these MONKIES, that the British government, in 1797, resolved to cherish the spark of independence, already awakened there. We all know Mr. Pitt's plans of giving freedom, and a political existence, to Terra Firma; and that the promises of assistance against Spain, *then* made, were nearly realized, when the British cabinet paid

the expedition of the gallant Miranda to Venezuela."

"Poor, dear Pitt!" said Lady Dunore, "he was a clever creature. Mr. Hencage, move the lamp a little from under his engraving. He happened to be my most particular friend."

"Temporary measures of expediency have nothing to do with general views," replied young Crawley, to Mr. Daly's observation. "What is wisdom *to-day*, in the conduct of a government, may be madness *to-morrow*."

"What is, generally speaking, the condition of the lower orders?" asked Mr. Daly, turning cooly away from young Crawley, and evidently anxious to draw out the general.

"Borne down," he answered, "by long slavery and injustice, the native Indian submits to his vexatious existence, with an affected patience, a seeming apathy, which veils the cunning

and ferocity of the enslaved and degraded in all countries; for as, whatever be the colour of man struggling against oppression, the language of energetic minds is still the same; so every where the slave exhibits the same vice, jargon, and policy: and it *does* happen, that when a native Indian rises by low arts to petty power, and becomes the alcade, the magistrate, or loyal man of the colonial government, supported by that government, and backed by the SUDELGADO or priesthood (for in South America, as elsewhere, the priesthood are usually on the side of oppression), he makes common cause with his superiors, and adds by misrepresentations to the sufferings of his country."

"Och! the thief of the world!" said old Crawley, while his son changed colour, for he felt the full force of the remark. "If we had him in Ireland,

we'd soon take away his commission of the *pace* from him."

A burst of good-humoured laughter in Lady Clancare excited a pretty universal sympathy; and young Crawley, trembling with acrimonious emotion, continued.

"The South Americans are naturally, by temperament, a bloody and inhuman people. Their very religion is a religion of blood."

"Oh, horrible!" said Lady Dunore: "if that's the case, I wonder how Pitt could propose their liberation."

"The Spaniards," said Crawley, "found them sacrificing human beings in their temples."

"Yes," interrupted Miss Crawley, "so we read in the abridgment of the ife of Columbus."

"And there exists a sect," said young Crawley, ransacking his school-boy erudition, "who preach purification by

blood. Such are the people who are to overturn a Christian dynasty, a legitimate sovereignty, and talk of rights, humanity, and that sort of *trash*, that one is sick of."

"They are all naturally Atheists, and Deists, and Idolaters," said Miss Crawley, triumphantly.

"Georgy, love, did you ever hear any thing so shocking?" said Lady Dunore. "How can any one wish well to such a people. Mr. Heneage, bring me my *eau de luce bottle.*"

"Such facts," said Gen. Fitzwalter, "are a proof of the feebleness of the human mind. In South America, as in all parts of the world, atonement by human sacrifice is the dogma of nations in their infancy; because the first religion of man is the religion of fear. He suffers more than he enjoys, and he propitiates accordingly. The early Britains stained their sacred groves

with human blood; the benevolent Hindoos shed it on the altar of their dark goddess *Cali;* the enlightened Egyptians rejected not such sanguinary rites; and the polished Romans performed them. Jeptha, like Agamemnon, vowed away the life of his only daughter; and Spain still has her *auto da fé*, and heaps her hecatombs on burning piles for the love of God, and the recreation of the court."

"Yes," said Lady Dunore, "and a charming opera it is. That is not the *auto da fé*, but *Ipiginie in Aulide*."

"But I believe," continued the general, "we must not look too deeply into the history of man; whatever region he inhabits, it is a fearful and an humiliating history; and when backed by fanaticism, it is more than ordinarily blood-stained and terrific. But let us take him when we can, in his best aspect, free and enlightened; so blessed

by singularity of temperament, so formed of happy elements, that, like the mild Peruvian, he performs the rites of the heart, whose incense smells to heaven, and heaping on his sunny altars the fruits and odours of his luxuriant soil."

"How beautiful!" said Lady Dunore: "there is nothing like those Peruvians, par example, and their odours."

"Peruvians or Mexicans, they are all a detestable race," said young Crawley, "unworthy of a better government; and any one who knows their history, and has read their absurd mythology, their deluge of Coxcox, and their——"

"Is he any thing to the Coxes of county Kilkenny?" interrupted old Crawley, taking snuff, and always anxious to say something to shew that he was not ignorant of any thing. This question, asked in great simplicity, for he had

only caught the word "Cox," produced a very general laugh, in which Miss Crawley and her nephew alone did not share.

Lady Dunore, now a very violent South American patriot, exclaimed—"Good heavens! General Fitzwalter, I hope you are come to recruit here for your *grand cause*. I dare say there are a quantity of young men among our tenantry would go for nothing at all; don't you think they would, Mr. Crawley?"

"Upon my credit, my lady, I can't take upon me to say," returned Mr. Crawley, quite unconscious of the laugh he had excited; and now fearful that as he had already bailed his own prisoner, he would next be compelled to recruit in the cause of rebellion; "but I don't think they have any *turn* to fighting among the negers; and then, I suppose, it is a *good step* off, Madam."

"Nothing to signify, my dear Mr. Crawley," interrupted Lord Frederick; "and provided you will take the command of the Ballydab and Dunore heroes, I don't care if I accompany you as a volunteer whenever, you please to sally forth; for I look upon it, Mr. Crawley, that you are one of those ancient *preux, pour fendre géant, derompre harnois, et porter en croupe belles démoiselles sans leur parler de rien.*"

"Many thanks for your compliment, my lord," said old Crawley, believing Lord Frederick must be civil, as he spoke in French. "I never was much given to travel; only oncet was going to Lisburn for my health, after my sufferings on duty with the yeomanry in the rebellion of ninety-eight."

"To Lisburn, my dear Mr. Crawley," said Lord Frederick, "is Lisburn the Montpellier of Ireland?"

"Not at all, my lord; I mane Lis-

burn, the capital of Spain," replied Mr. Crawley.

"If I were twenty years younger, Mr. Crawley," said Mr. Daly, covering out the general titter by addressing its object, "I should myself be tempted to go forth in this glorious cause. South America is the great stage upon which the world's eye is now fixed."

"A stage," said Lord Rosbrin, shaking his head, "where every man *must* play his part, and *mine* a sad one."

"See that now," said Mr. Crawley, "and never heard tell of it before, only the Yankey-doodles and New-York, and the likes."

"Man," said Lord Adelm, starting up from a reverie, in which he had indulged while leaning over the back of Lady Georgina's chair, "man, in whatever region he is found, may best be typified by a squirrel in a cage."

"A squirrel in a cage! the Lord save

us!" exclaimed Mr. Crawley, in astonishment.

"His little sphere is so planned," continued Lord Adelm, "that he can be nothing but what he is, do nothing but what he does. He goes round his circle, and repeats his rotations, with no difference in the performance, but a little acceleration or a little retardment. These South Americans, therefore, but repeat an old story: they are savage and unprotected, they are conquered;—they are slaves, and degraded, they endure;—they are pressed to the quick, they turn and resist;—they struggle and succeed, become great, prosperous, illumined; conquer and oppress in their turn, moulder away, and leave to posterity the unheeded moral that in every clime, state, or being, man is neither to be praised nor blamed, admired nor abhorred. He is what he is; otherwise he cannot be; for, after

all, he is but an engine, a mere engine."

"A steam-engine," said old Crawley, shaking his head, and anxious to agree with Lord Fitzadelm, of whom he stood in awe; "sorrow a thing else."

"Faith, pretty much," said Lord Adelm, with a gravity none preserved but himself, "except that a steam-engine has this superiority over him, that it is neither susceptible of caprice nor distraction. It turns also upon a beneficial principle, while the mainspring of the machinery of man inevitably turns on evil."

"Evil to him as evil thinks," re-echoed old Crawley; "*honey swa key molly panse*, as the French says."

"That's not ill put, Mr. Crawley," said Mr. Daly, while every body else laughed; "but, my dear Fitzadelm, you, at least, admit the principle of good to exist conjointly with that of evil. You will not establish a doctrine

less consoling than that of the dark demoniac, Indian mythology."

"Oh, I deny good as a principle altogether," said Lord Adelm: "good is merely relative, evil is positive. Evil is necessary to man as the air he breathes; an inherent part of his existence: deprive him of his principle of evil, and he becomes a *vegetable*."

"A vegetable!" repeated old Crawley; "see that now."

"Evil is the source, food, end, and object of the passions; or, to give them their proper names, the *appetites*. It is the grand agitator of life, its food and occupation: without evil there would be neither genius, virtue, nor valour; for what is virtue but an effort against vice? What genius?—the nisus to overcome suffering. What valour?—the necessity of massacre and bloodshed."

"Christ save us!" exclaimed Mr. Crawley.

"What is ambition?—the selfish wish

of rule. What friendship?—helplessness. What love?—a want. Whence arise the liberal professions, but from the innate tendency of man to evil? Law, for instance," continued Lord Adelm, while old Crawley drew back, "from the villany of the species. Physic from its infirmities; the arts from vanity; the sciences from physical pressure. The whole business of life, then, is but one sustained effort against evil: and without evil, in a supereminent degree, those talents and properties on which we most pride ourselves,—skill, wisdom, virtue, and courage, could not be developed, because they would not be called for. Taking then a just view of things, there is little to move either our wrath or admiration. He who feels little and digests well; he who has a *bad heart* and a *good stomach*, is, after all, the true sage and the happy man."

Here Lord Adelm was interrupted by a servant, who gave him a note. It filled the room with perfume, and covered Lord Adelm's face with blushes, warm as the hues of the paper he perused. Every one smiled as he hurried out of the room; and though the established laws of bon-ton prevented the slightest notice being taken of this incident, Mr. Daly could not help saying, with an arch smile—"So much for the philosophy of indifference."

"Philosophy!" repeated Lord Rosbrin, laying down his play-book:

> 'There never yet was found philosophy
> Could bear the tooth-ach patiently."

The quick eye of Lady Dunore had rested on the face, and observed the emotions of her son. Her feelings of maternity had been so little influenced by his return, that the first pleasure over, which surprise always occasioned

in her, she had not been induced to retire with him for a single half hour since his arrival, but had been quite satisfied with the few words he had said to her in the hall, stating the motive of his journey to have been his wish to preside at his own election. Since then, other objects had arisen to ingross her attention, and obliterate the sensation his return had roused into transient existence. His sudden emotion and exit now seized on her imagination. She was not yet exhausted by the events of the day; and after struggling for a moment in contest with her own feelings, she arose and followed him.

The servant who had delivered the note met her in the hall; but to her inquiries whence it had come, the answer was, it had been left in the porter's lodge, and had come from the post-house.

Meantime, Mr. Daly had ordered

the brag table; and while the party stood waiting for Lady Dunore to join them, Lord Rosbrin proposed reciting "Collin's Ode on the Passions," which was by common consent over-ruled in favour of his imitations of the favourite actors of the day. With Miss Crawley's scarf bound round his head, a cashmir of Lady Georgina's wound round his body, a row of candles placed at his feet, and the company circled round him, he gave a very close imitation of some of the best modern tragedians, in the parts of Othello, Richard III. Macbeth, and Hamlet, successively. This imitation was, indeed, so faithful, that it not only rendered look for look, and tone for tone, but every inflection, gesture, and grimace, was preserved precisely the same as in the original he copied. It was curious, however, to observe, that the representation, which in public had ex-

cited admiration, in private elicited only ridicule: that, which on the stage was called *fine acting*, was in the drawing-room rank buffoonery; and tones, gurgling in the throat, as in a cauldron, heaved from the lungs as from a sepulchre, or growled forth from lips distortingly compressed, with a chin elevated to the nose, an eye sunk under a projected brow, or starting from its socket, and teeth ground, till they are almost broken, with starts, pauses, groans, strides, drags, drawls, and contortions, so often termed "*true to nature*," and "*original conceptions*," when viewed on a great theatre, and with a mind ruled by conventional judgment, now, when exhibited in the midst of real life, appeared ludicrous, broad, and coarse, as scene-painting compared to the cabinet pictures of a master.

The audience could, however, have "better spared a better man;" for if

the tragic throes of Lord Rosbrin did not make them weep, it did better, it made them laugh. No delicate feeling on their part inhibited the indulgence of this enjoyment; and no sensibility of his own ridiculous position on the part of Lord Rosbrin rendered him alive to the ridicule he excited. To have pitied such folly, would have been to have surpassed it.

This exhibition, so well adapted to the idle and the gay, as combining (what the great love) amusement and ridicule, had so entirely occupied the minds of the audience, that nearly two hours had been passed in recitations, accompanied by bravoes and encores, (for the noble Roscius was always encored, in proportion as he was ludicrous) without Lady Dunore's protracted absence becoming a subject of notice to her pre-occupied guests. When at last she returned to the drawing-room, her

countenance was disturbed; there was a cloud on her brow, and her cheek was stained with tears.

The lights on the floor, however, the turbaned head, and draped figure of Lord Rosbrin, operated as talismans on her oppressed spirits. He was commanded to go over the course again, and was again rewarded with vociferated bravoes and hysterical laughs. Plans and schemes for building a new theatre became an animating subject of discussion, which occupied the general attention, until Lady Georgina observed that both Lady Clancare and General Fitzwalter had disappeared during the representation.

"Gone! and together?" asked Lady Dunore, starting up in emotion: "when, where, how?"

"Together!" repeated Lord Frederick. "*On crie à la scandale!*" Lady Dunore repeated her question, but no

one could give any answer. While Lord Rosbrin had strutted his hour, none had eyes or ears but for him; and the marchioness, in an agitation no one could understand, left the room.

"There she goes, like a sky-rocket," said Lord Frederick. "I should like to know her impulsion."

"If her ladyship means to watch the extraordinary disappearances of Lady Clancare," said Miss Crawley, "she will have something to do. Her stealing away with General Fitzwalter was, however, a strong measure, if this was their first acquaintance."

"You don't mean that, my dear Miss Crawley," said Lord Frederick with a significant look. "If this little shy thing has had an *illustre foiblesse*, we must forgive her her authorship."

"I don't wish to say any thing inju-

rious of the pseudo Lady Clancare," said Miss Crawley, "but it will certainly surprise *the people of consequence* in this neighbourhood, when they hear of her being received at Dunore. She has now just returned *from a mysterious disappearance* of some months."

"Oh! you are raising her cent. per cent. my dear Miss Crawley," exclaimed Lord Frederick; "if you prove this Irish Sappho is a Sappho, head, heart, and all. You redeem her to all intents and purposes."

Lady Dunore now re-entered, her countenance brightening into smiles. "It is very extraordinary," she said, "that none of you could tell me Lady Clancare went away twenty minutes before General Fitzwalter, which I find is the case."

"Are we your lady's keeper?" asked Lord Frederick. "But, marchioness of my soul, what is your extraordinary

anxiety about these new *god-sends*, who seem to have arrived here for the sole purpose of keeping up the ebb and flow of your solicitude? Your secret, lady. Pray 'let me not burst in ignorance."

"Secret!" said Lady Dunore, laughing: "why should you think I have any?"

"Well then, Lady Clancare's secret; for we know, as Rosbrin would say, only he is now too tired to say any thing, you '*could a tale unfold;*' and Miss Crawley has just been giving us some hints of *l'aimable sceleratesse* of your Irish peeress. In short, it seems that the inhabitants of our good city of Dunore do not visit her. It seems she has come no one knows whence, goes no one knows where, and, *pour trancher le mot*, is just a *little equivocal*."

"And does Miss Crawley presume," said Lady Dunore, turning full upon the shrinking Miss Crawley, (the only

one, save Lord Frederick, at that moment not engaged at the card table,) "does Miss Crawley *presume* to throw a breath of slander upon a friend of mine, to talk over in village *commerage* a person of Lady Clancare's rank and celebrity?"

"I assure your ladyship," said Miss Crawley, pale with mortification and fear, "I did not say—did not mean.."

"No, no," said Lord Frederick, half amused with the consternation he came to relieve, "they are rather *my* surmises than Miss Crawley's assertions, who merely hinted that

'Lips though lovely must still be fed,'

and that if this lady were not fed by the gods with nectar and ambrosia, her mode of existence was a mystery, if not a miracle, unknown to any one."

"Yes," said Lady Dunore triumphantly, "there is a miracle and a

mystery in Lady Clancare's retreat from the world; but its secret is known to one person; and I am that person: for the rest you may trust me. I would not present in my own exclusive circle one who was not in all points *comme il faut*. One thing, however, I must generally observe to you all, good people, —Lady Clancare must not be obtruded on: she receives no visits from either sex; admits no strangers; and I alone have obtained permission occasionally to join her in her solitude. Meantime I stand pledged that no constraint shall be put upon her movements. She is to have free ingress and egress, *à plaisir*, at Dunore Castle, and is to creep in and creep out like a pet kitten, as she expresses it, '*without let or molestation*."

"But dear love," said Lady Georgina, as she dealt round the cards with sparkling fingers, "your *kitten* will at least *pur* a little, I hope, for us. Do

you know she was not the least in the world entertaining to-night."

"By the bye," said Lord Frederick, "now I think of it, she sat staring her pretty round eyes out, like one of the little *sourds et muets* of the Abbè Sicard, looking unutterable things, but speaking not a word. I thought the female author species always talked as it wrote, for the amusement of the public, and got up things cut and dry for the occasion; quotations, sentiments, *impromptus à loisir*, and all that."

"Well!" said Lady Dunore, "don't judge her hastily; leave her to time and to me."—She looked oracularly mysterious as she spoke, cut in as Mr. Heneage cut out; and having convinced the company she had some profound secret in her keeping, and won fifty pounds from old Crawley, she retired to bed at three in the morning, in great elevation of spirits, repeating to Lady

Georgina, as they parted on the corridor, —

"Well, after all, sweetest, there is nothing like these wild, barbarous, rebellious countries, *par example*: and gay as we are now, and amused as we are with all these judges and *Padreen Gar's* boys, and Peruvian chiefs, and things, there is no saying but we may be all *murdered* before morning."

With this consolatory reflection, she kissed the forehead of her sleepy, smiling friend, and retired.

CHAPTER IV.

——— For I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.
MILTON.

GENERAL FITZWALTER had alone observed the retreat of Lady Clancare. Amused as she had appeared to be in common with the rest of the company, by the buffoonery of the noble amateur, the perpetual folly might at length have wearied her; for she had taken the advantage of an open door to escape, half an hour before the general had himself retired. There was something in the popularity which she enjoyed under the rude title of the BHAN TIERNA, some-

thing in her story, as the representative of an illustrious but ruined family, something in her sudden and unexpected appearance in the hall of Dunore, which, taken together, and contrasted with her youth, her very feminine person, unprotected state, and extreme reserve, powerfully interested him. He had once or twice also, as he stood opposite to her, met her eyes, and they were not eyes to be met with impunity; nor were their glances less impressive, from being suddenly and bashfully withdrawn. Still he fancied that he could trace something sinister in her looks; and the singular mobility and intelligence of her peculiar countenance (a countenance whose character was not unknown to him) were strangely opposed to her timid and unbroken taciturnity, leaving it doubtful which was her natural habit, the reserve of a recluse, for the acuteness of a practised observer.

That she had "*written books*," as Lady Georgina termed it, was a proof she possessed either talents or pretension; yet there was nothing in her address or manners that bespoke the consciousness of the former, or the importance of the latter. While, therefore, General Fitzwalter pursued his way along the strand, he continued to puzzle himself in the research after the cause of her attraction (her attraction for him at least, for after the first surprise of her appearance, she seemed to have excited little interest in others), he at last summed it all up in her eyes. He had somewhere met such eyes before; and which ever way he now turned his own, whether upon the stars, which seemed to start from the heavens like wandering fires, or downward upon their fairy reflection in the smooth ebb tide, still the full, dark, and fixed eyes of Lady Clancare were before him.

He had not proceeded many paces from the rampart wall of the castle when Lord Adelm overtook him.

"You are an hour before your appointment," said Fitzwalter, "for the castle clock now tells eleven."

"How could you remain so long among those tiresome people?" returned Lord Adelm, petulantly.

"I came away as soon as decency would permit. I waited for the return of Lady Dunore."

"She had not then returned when you came away?"

"Not to the drawing-room; but I heard her voice in the gallery as I passed through the hall."

"You can have no idea how she has crossed my way to-night," said Lord Adelm, in a tone of vexation: "you saw me receive a note?"

"Yes, most appropriately. It produced in your countenance a refutation

of your doctrine; and eloquently proved that mind is not wholly dependant on a *good stomach and a bad heart* for its happiness."

"Yes, I felt I was shewing up most confoundedly. But the *circulation* is still stronger than that moral mover we call reason, which, after all, means nothing, but more or less of temperament. You guess who the note was from."

"Certainly, by its *hue* and *odour*."

"Well, she who has led me here, has followed me here, or rather has preceded me."

"And where is she?"

"Perhaps bedded in that rock, or perched on the wing of the sea breeze that whistles by us, for aught I know. Now imagine, if you can, a contre tems like this. The prettiest little French billet, inclosed in an envelope, which bore the post-mark of Dunore, summoned me to a rock under the castle

terrace, called the *Hag's Tooth.* I was to come alone; not before ten, nor after eleven: this was the only stipulation: I was to be astonished--this was the only promise. The rest was supposed; but hope was not idle. I found the spot with some difficulty. All was solitary and silent; not even the rippling of the wave, nor the sigh of the gale. I had been at my appointed post but a few minutes when I perceived a female form, gliding like a sea nymph over the glittering sand, light as air, and rapid as light. The dupe of my heart, or my hopes, or what you will, I stood spell-bound. Had I beheld a vision descending from the clouds, it could not have held more influence over my imagination. I had scarcely power to breath, to stretch forth a hand, to clasp that which was presented to me.—I did however clasp it."

"Then it was a mortal hand, true flesh and blood, after all?" interrupted the general, eagerly.

"It was," said Lord Adelm, stamping his feet, and grinding out his words: "it was my mother's hand."

"Then the promise of *astonishment* was at least fulfilled."

"Lady Dunore, it seems, had herself received a note," continued Lord Adelm, "advising her to watch my steps this evening. I half suspect it was some trick of those delectable Crawleys. She followed me out: I was annoyed, bored beyond all expression, and not over guarded in concealing my feelings. A scene, often repeated, ensued between us. I condemned and contemned her interference upon all occasions: she reproached, retorted, and wept; then grew hysterical as usual; and in this way I conducted her home. Trembling with apprehension and solicitude, I

again issued forth, when that *petite évaporée,* my mother's new Irish caprice, appeared in the portico, getting into her mule cart. I had now to make a second retreat, and saw her take the strand road with such feelings of patience and pleasure as you may suppose; at last, literally speaking, the *coast* was *clear,* and I bent my steps towards the rock of my disappointed hopes; for there I found only this black handkerchief or scarf, a token of my ill luck, and an indication, of course, that my sylph had been true to her appointment, and had kept it, while I was conducting my mother home. Now what think you of all this?"

"Think! why, that your sylph is some devoted woman; so ingenious, so zealous in her devotion, that did there exist for me such a being——"

"I have examined the handkerchief," interrupted Lord Adelm, "and I should

think there was 'magic in the web of it;' but that it bears a sign to conjure away all magic: a red cross is embroidered on its centre; it is too of Spanish manufacture, of true Barcelona workmanship."

"'Tis altogether most strange, most romantic, and most flattering," returned the general, thoughtfully, as they proceeded arm in arm, and in silence, each apparently wrapped in profound musings, till they arrived beneath a sweep of irregular and massive cliffs, above which, dark and indistinct, rose the ruins and cemetery of MONASTER-NY-ORIEL.

The pathway to the coast, cut centuries back by the monks, and the round topped perforated cross, which they had raised at its entrance, to the honour of St. Peter, the fisherman, and as a land-mark to distressed mariners, still remained. The friends ascended this rude rocky avenue by a flight of

steep unevenly hewn steps, piled on either side with a stratum of human bones—a gloomy order of architecture not unusual in the ancient burying grounds of Ireland, and terminating in a circular and spacious mandrae (2). The night was still and dark; a few stars only glimmered in the cloudy firmament.

The peculiar genius of Lord Adelm was well adapted to scenes and seasons characterized by images gloomy and fantastic as his own morbid fancy. He paused frequently in his wearisome ascent, while his more active companion strode on rapidly before him: and when he had reached the summit of the rocks which formed the site of the monastic ruins, he halted, and looked around him. The scene was wild, desolate, and silent—rocks, ruins, remote mountains, bounding the land view; while the steep Atlantic spread wide and dark, and lost itself in the distant clouds. He

measured the tower, under which they now stood, with his eye: a light was streaming from its loophole casement, and it beetled over the cliff like some lone watch-tower of the deep.

"These are scenes," said Lord Adelm, "that transport us beyond the present, that bear us into regions of thought and feeling, beyond all mean ambition and human cares."

"They are the better adapted to prelude the tale I would unfold to you," said Fitzwalter, impressively.

"This tower," continued Lord Adelm, "resembles the cell of the '*Subtil Archimago*' of Spencer, whose scenes in the Fairy Queen are, indeed, all Irish."

'Far from resort of people that did pass,
In travel to and fro. A little wyde
There was an holy chapel edifyed,
Wherein the hermit daily wont to say
His holy things each morn and even-tide.
* * * * * * * * * * *

He told of saints and popes, and evermore
He strowed an Ave-Mary after and before."

"The tale to which you are about to listen," said the general, as he raised the latch of a low arched door, "is nothing less than of saints and popes: 'tis of men and sinners."

"Your story!" said Lord Adelm, in a tone of recollection, for over the mirror of his imagination reflections passed rapidly; and it was only now he recollected the purpose for which he accompanied his new friend to the Friary of St. John's at an hour so unseasonable. Oh! aye, I had half forgotten your story."

They now ascended the spiral stairs of the tower. O'Leary, from above, held forward a lamp, whose light produced uncertain shadows upon the dark damp wall; but when he perceived by its flickering ray that his guest was accompanied by Lord Adelm Fitzadelm,

he started back, then came again forward, and drew up against the doorcase to let them pass, changing the lamp to his left hand, that he might make the sign of the cross on his breast with his right, as a sort of exorcism of an event, which, to his confused and wandering mind, appeared little less than miraculous. He then followed them into the room, where a fire had already been kindled in the open hearth; the candles, also, stood ready lighted; yet, under various pretences, he lingered in the apartment, occasionally coming forward with the snuffers, and snatching hasty and anxious looks at the two gentlemen, who were already seated at a little deal table, both leaning on their elbows, both earnestly conversing in Spanish. O'Leary, as he gazed on them with an half-murmured exclamation, crossed himself devoutly, and made new causes for delay; till the general,

telling him that he had no further occasion for his services that night, peremptorily desired him to retire to rest: he then slowly retreated; and was twice called back to shut the door before he obeyed.

* * * * * * * * * *

The morning after this midnight interview had taken place, O'Leary, at an hour later than usual, entered the apartment of the general to attend at his toilette and breakfast. He found him, however, asleep in Friar O'Sulivan's great chair, where he had left him seated the night before, and his bed had not been occupied. His repose was so profound, that O'Leary had rekindled his turf fire, and got ready his dressing things, without awakening him. But the heavy pacing about the room, and murmured ejaculations of the pedagogue, at last aroused him from his slumber.

"I'm afeared I put the sleep astray

upon your honor," said O'Leary, with an anxious look.

"It is time, I believe, to rise, O'Leary, is it not?" said the general, starting up, and shaking off his '*obedient slumbers*,' as one accustomed to snatch repose, when, where, and as he could, and to dismiss it at will.

"*To rise!*' said O'Leary, shaking his head, "and your honor not in bed, gineral, the whole live long night, Sir!"

"How do you know that, O'Leary?"

"How do I know it? Why, the day was breaking on th' Atlantic, plaze your honor, when I saw the young lord going down the rock there, and you looking after him from the top of the friar's leap, as it is called; and wonders but he'd be afeared to be wandering his lone that away in the country. It's little his father, Baron Gerald, would dare it, great a *Calebalaro* as he was; for he

was a *sould* man, Sir, from the time he planned the ruination of young De Montenay; and its only for him your honor would be alive and hearty this day: not all as one—that's his own nephew I mane; and when I saw you both sated cheek by jowl last night, and my Pacata Hibernia between yez, it minded me the last time I seen the two brothers at Court Fitzadelm together: it was a little time after the Honorable Gerald had married the great English lady, th' ould marchioness that is now, and came over his lone to Ireland. They were seated together in th' oak parlour, that's the two *Tiernas*, with a tankard of claret, and a bottle of brandy to qualify it, between them. I was only called in about a date, being then at the court, and comed to see the child; for the rumour was, he was going to be carried to Dublin by his uncle, and his mother only buried the

week before: and the *Tierna Dhu* handed me a glass of wine, saying, pleasantly, *he believed I'd rather the whiskey.*"

"I'm afraid," said the general smiling, and who was preparing for a sea bath before he went to breakfast, "I'm afraid, O'Leary, *that* preference still clings to you; and I was sorry when I looked in on you this morning to find you sleeping in your clothes, with a bottle of spirits half consumed by your side. This is not the way to recover your health, and compose your mind, O'Leary.''

"And did your honor look in on me?" said O'Leary, in a softened tone. "And never felt* you, gineral, dear; for when I went to my truckle, I fell asleep like a rock, Sir. But as to the whiskey, Sir, you need not fear it, and

* A common Irish idiom.

only laves it by way of two-milk-whey at my bed-side; for whiskey, plaze your honor, is so qualified in the making, that it dryeth more, and inflameth less, than other hot confections. It sloweth age (saith the philosopher), and helpeth youth; it reviveth the heart, lighteneth the mind, quickeneth the spirits, keepeth the veins from crumpling, the bones from aching, and the marrow from soaking. Musha! its the elixir of life, and only for it, I'd be dead long ago. For when the world deserted me, *that* staid by me, and when I lost joy elsewhere, sure its there I found it, Sir."

O'Leary had pronounced this eulogium on his favourite beverage, as he followed the general down the rocks to a little creek, or basin, which was always sufficiently full to afford a bath; and then having left him his dressing gown, at his desire he went back to

prepare his coffee. When the general returned, and had seated himself at the breakfast-table, with a book in his hand, as he was wont, O'Leary, who attended him, took his place in a window-seat, at a respectful distance. He drew forth an old tattered volume, which for a few minutes fixed his attention; but, habitually wandering and unsettled, his rapid eyes glanced frequently from his studies to the general, who, like himself, seemed incapable of giving a continued attention to the book which he held open in his hand. O'Leary, perceiving tha this guest had laid down the volume, and leaned thoughtfully on his elbow, closed also his own; and advancing to pour out some coffee, observed—

"I think, your honor, the Memoir I am perusing of the Fitzmaurices of Lixnow, a great branch of the Geraldines, and Lords of Muskerry, would plaze you intirely. Och! its a great legend!

Its done into rhyme, Sir, Irish rhyme, by a priest, who was confessor to the family. The argument runneth thus. The young Lord Thomas Fitzmaurice, of Lixnow, was in foreign parts fighting against the Pagans, when the Barony of Muskerry fell to him by right. And it being reported that he was captured by the Turks, an usurper, a bastard of the family, did forthwith start up and seize his title and domains. And the Lord Thomas, when the wars were over, would have returned a beggar, but for his faithful fosterer, one Joan Harman, Sir, an ould Irish servitor of the family, married to an English bowman. She was aged and infirm; but when the rumour was spread of the devised usurpation, she took ship at Dingle, then a great port, and was landed in France, when the young lord was at court, as became his nobility, having changed the service of the Emperor of Austria

for that of the French king. And there Joan sought him out, and made him acquainted with the ill tidings, and brought him back without delay; and saw him cross the threshold of his own castle, and restored to his fair possessions. And one calendar month, from the date of her mission, as she foretold, she died, being the day of the young lord's investiture in his ancient rights. For I've heard tell the heart will break with joy as well as sorrow; and shews the room to this hour where Joan Harman died. Och! it would not grieve me a taste to be old Joan Harman this day, if it was the will of God; for its remarkable, that affections of fosterage never weaken, but

'Nor longas invaluere moras.'

And there was little use in making gossipping and fosterage treason, by the famous statute of Kilkenny; for they

both only just flourished the more, though the queen, that's Elizabetha regina, sent down the great Earl of Thomond, to abolish that same in his palatinate; and he entered recognizances, and bound himself to her majesty in a thousand pounds, that he should not marry, foster, nor gossip, contrary to the statute in that behalf provided, without the special license of the lord-deputy for the time being.

Now gossippred, or confraternity, plaze your honor, was said to produce confederacies of actions in all things, whether lawful or unlawful; but fosterage proved an iron link to bind the affections for laudible purposes, not only of the *fosterers* and *fostered*, but of the friends and relations on each side; and it bound the Irishry to the English by descent; as the O'Callighans to the Butlers formerly, and the O'Learys to the Fitzadelms to this blessed hour,

do you see, your honor; for says ould Stanihurst, and your honor knows him well, Lib. p. 49, says he, you cannot find one instance of perfidy, or deceit, or treachery, among them. Nay, they are ready to expose themselves to all manner of dangers, for the safety of those who sucked their wives' or mothers' milk. You may beat them to a mummy, you may put them upon the rack, you may burn them on a grid-iron, you may expose them to the most exquisite tortures, that the cruelest tyrants could invent, yet you will never remove them from that innate fidelity which is grafted in them; you will never induce them to betray their duty. And Cambrensis addeth (who was loath to afford a good word for the poor Irishry), 'if any love or faith be found among the Irish, you must look for it among the fosterers and the foster childre."

"But," said the general, throwing down his book, which he had for a moment resumed, rising in agitation, and placing himself opposite to O'Leary, who had resumed his seat, but who now rose also—"but, O'Leary, love and faith are not alone sufficient, where there is a perilous confidence to place, where the point at issue may be property, freedom, *life itself*; there must also be discretion, prudence, firmness, vigilance, command of thoughts, of looks, of feelings, and of language."

As he spoke, O'Leary advanced step by step, but trembling, and gradually folding and compressing his hands, his mouth half open, his colour livid, as if he expected something he almost feared to learn. "O'Leary," continued the general in a calmer voice, and throwing himself back in his chair, "O'Leary, sit down, compose yourself, and hear me."

O'Leary in part obeyed. He sat down, but his composure was irrecoverable. He remained for a few minutes silent. Suspense, hope, fear, almost to agony, were pictured in his countenance; while with a mechanical motion, he stooped to pick up a black silk handkerchief which had fallen from his breast, to wipe the cold drops that now bedewed his furrowed forehead, and rolled down his colourless cheek, when a crimson cross worked in its centre caught General Fitzwalter's eye. He started up, and snatched the handkerchief from O'Leary's hand.

"How came you by this handkerchief?" he asked eagerly.

O'Leary, with a wild and wandering look, his mind bent upon other objects, made an effort at recollection, then replied,

"The kerchief, Sir? is it the kerchief with the cross on it? Oh! plaze your

honor, I did not mane to purloin it, only return it, Sir, to the right owner, plaze God.

"And who is that?" demanded the general with impatience.

"Is it who owns it, gineral?" replied O'Leary, endeavouring to recover himself. "If it is not the Spanish American nun, Sir, owns it, one Madam Florence Macarthy, I don't guess who can own it, that's in respect of the blessed and holy crucifix."

"Did you say Florence Macarthy?" asked the general with great emotion, and in a voice scarcely articulate,—"a nun *from Spanish America?*"

"I did, your honor," replied O'Leary in a low voice, as he contemplated with apprehension the change which had taken place in the general's countenance,—"Florence Macarthy, Sir. Did you know her, gineral, in foreign parts? Her father was son to the ould Earl

of Clancare's brother. He went to be made a merchant of in some of the West India islands; and was the first of the family that turned his hands to business, which made a great bruite in the country; and then he went into South America, and joined the wars there when they first broke out, as I heard tell, and was killed or died there I disremember me which. And his daughter, Florence Macarthy, his only child, went into a convent, her aunt being an abbess somewhere in Spain, so Father O'Sulivan tould me; and when it was broke up by the French army, who let loose the craturs, she fled back to Ireland, to her people in her own barony, which she had quit when a child; and none was in it left, only the *Bhan Tierna*, and one Mrs. Honor Macarthy, called *Honor ni Sancta*, or Holy Honor, who is the superior of 'our Lady of the annun-

ciation,' near the Abbey of the Holy-cross: and when there was a place vaquent in the convent, which was soon, Madam Florence Macarthy went to the convent, and was brought there by the countess, who has no vocation that way, the little sowl, with her *caen-cothar,* as her ould grandadda used to call her curley black head; and the mouth and teeth of her, just like a young hound's, in regard of her red gums, gineral."

A silence of many minutes succeeded to this information, and accompanying digression of O'Leary's, who usually "*drew the thread of his verbosity finer than his argument.*"

At last the general, who was walking up and down the apartment in great agitation, stopped opposite to O'Leary, and asked, "Where did you find that handkerchief? How came you by it?"

"How came I by it, Sir, is it? I

came by it, Sir, when I was just creeping out for a mouthful of fresh air, before dawn, this morning, and was looking up at the light in your casement, gineral, and thinking there must be great shanaos * between you and the young lord, would keep you up talking all night, and my foot caught in this kerchief, Sir, and I thought it was my own; only when day-light came I saw it was not, for by the cross marked on it in the centre I thought it must be Madam Florence Macarthy's, in regard of the cypher done in donny red letters, Sir." O'Leary pointed to the small F. M. in the corner as he spoke. "But the wonder of the world," he added, "is, what would be bringing her here among the rocks, and she settled down in her own convent, in Tipperary county, Sir, and is to take the vow in the begin-

* Family tradition, genealogical details.

ning of the month, and a great sight it will be."

"Did you ever see this Florence Macarthy?" asked the general after a pause, and standing opposite to O'Leary, with his eyes fixed on him.

"I did, gineral, often, when she was for a month at Castle Macarthy, and afore she went into her convent, and used to come down here to the great Macarthy-More's tomb in the monastery, and remained half the length of the day on her knees before it. Och! Sir, that's the voteen *, and the saint, if there's one upon earth: and it's extraordinary, but her cousin oncet removed, Lady Clancare would be taking a turn that way too,—and she brought up in a convent too, and never had a calling, only laughing, and shewing them white teeth of her's, and circum-

* Devotee.

venting the Crawleys, and has great learning and fine Irish for all that, to say nothing of her being mighty comical."

"Does Miss Macarthy resemble her cousin, Lady Clancare?"

"Why then, gineral, I could not well tell you that, in regard of never seeing her face, only with a thick black veil over it, and never shewed it to sun or moon, they say, barring Fra O'Sulivan, who confesses both ladies?"

The general now resumed his seat and book, requesting O'Leary to return to his school.

"You may lay out my writing desk, O'Leary," he added, "and—— no; don't take away that handkerchief; and pray shut the door after you: I wish to be left alone."

O'Leary sighed deeply, and laid down one writing article after another; at last, taking up a pen to mend it, he observed:—

" I thought, gineral, when I was brushing your coat yesterday, Sir, and you dressing for the castle dinner, that I heard you mintion a word of going away in a day or two, if the wind was fair, Sir; and a bit of a ship coming into port at Cork; and that— and then— and I thought your honor said something, Sir, about the *say* sickness being good for my complaint; and that you was going to—— and the kerchief then came in the way; that' this morning, gineral, a bit ago."

" And would you, O'Leary," said the general, in a voice of great kindness, " would you leave your home, your country, to follow me, uncertain as you must be whom——"

" Would I?" interrupted O'Leary, with a burst of emotion, in which consciousness and insanity seemed to struggle for supremacy—" would I?" and he fell at the general's feet, and seized his hands, while his tears fell fast.

"Would I follow you, is it? Did not I lose my senses for you? Did not I leave home, and kin, and friends, to wander the world over for you, when you were'nt in it? And now that you are before me with your mother's smile, see here, gineral," and he attempted a tone of firm composure; "if you are'nt yourself, and would tell me *that* at once, there would be an end of all; and I would be what I was before I met you in the mountains, and still would go on quietly, and would just, some fine morning, lie down in the sun, like old Cumhal, and die."

The general, in irrepressible emotion, with difficulty released his hand from the maniac grasp of O'Leary: then drawing from his breast an ancient missal, he opened its clasps, and shewed, opposite to one of its illuminated pages, two certificates of a marriage and a birth. O'Leary seized the sacred vo-

lume, and kissed it eagerly and devoutly, with a look of anxious recognition. The general hurried it back to his breast.

"You stand pledged to God and to me, O'Leary," said the general, in a deep and affecting voice.

O'Leary remained silent, but his lips moved rapidly; his eyes wandered wildly over the face that fascinated his gaze, till at last his clasp relaxed its firmness, his eyes closed, and he would have fallen to the earth, if the general had not received him in his arms.

"O'Leary, my old boy!" he said, bearing him to the fresh air admitted at the open window; and at this well remembered epithet, O'Leary, shaking off his faintness, cried, with a burst of hysteric laughter—

"That's it! that's the voice I have heard in the lone mountains by day and by night. They tould me it was my

fitch. My fitch! oh, Jasus!" and he wept freely. Then suddenly drying his eyes, and throwing their rapid glances over the face of Fitzwalter, whose hand he still held, new lineaments seemed to start forth to his recollection, and he continued to repeat:—"And there was a mole under the curls of the left temple; and axes your honor's pardon—yes, there it is; and the curls too, only far blacker. Shoosheen used to call it the fairy's lock, because the world would not take the curl out of it: and weren't drownded after all; sure I said so. And them transport ships off the coast, from Cork. And how was it, gineral, dear? And the boat there, turned upside down, when we went out to look for you; and your foster-mother had sat up all night, and had a warning. And not many nights she sat up after—barring at her own wake, God help her: and that was too much for any man; and twenty-two years

ago! and all that time never to claim your own, nor just write one's own foster-father a line from foreign parts; and so ready at the pen formerly, in respect of them *themes* and *exercises!*"

"O'Leary," said the general, in a firm and imposing voice, "let it suffice that I live, and am here; that I have returned to my native country with a name as distinguished, through my own exertions, as that which I received from my forefathers; a name too not assumed, but inherited: for, after the ancient manner of my family, I have but given the Norman prefix to my father's baptismal appellation."

O'Leary started, "Fitzwalter! Walter, the Black Baron, and never thought of that. Och! I've a poor head now, and a beating in it that wears the life out of me by times.—To be sure, Walter de Montenay Fitzwalter; the ould Geraldine fashion evermore."

"For the rest, O'Leary, secrecy the

most profound of my present existence in this neighbourhood is necessary. It is for the interest of many that I should never re-appear. My presence here, if even suspected, might endanger my life or liberty: besides, I wish to avoid all publicity—to compromise rather than contend, and to save the honour of my family, by touching lightly on the crimes of one of its members; or, if possible, by burying them in eternal oblivion."

"That's the Honorable Gerald," interrupted O'Leary, "the Marquis, and Lord Adelm's father."

"It matters not whom, O'Leary," said the general eagerly; "and now leave me for the present; resume your ordinary habits; be secret—be circumspect—my life is in your hands; but hold yourself in readiness to depart at a moment's warning. Had it not been for a circumstance that has become accidentally known to me this morning, I

should have left this country to-night, and even as it is perhaps."

"To-night!" repeated O'Leary, who had moved a few paces, but who still loitered at the door.

"To-night. I must first, however, see the Countess of Clancare; and I think I will try my fortune at her door in an hour hence."

"You will, Sir!" said O'Leary, in astonishment. "See that—and in *amity*, plaze your honour?"

"Certainly not in *enmity*," returned the general, smiling. "But you seem surprised by my intention, O Leary."

"No, plaze your lord—, your honour, I mane; not a taste; for sure 'twas just the same anno 1321, when the ENGLISH BY BLOOD leagued with the IRISH MERE in the common cause, that's ould Ireland, Sir; and enemies before, became fast friends sithence, as *Ayphraim* against Menasses, and Me-

nasses against *Ayphraim;* and both united against the tribe of Judah, that's the Crawleys, Sir, the land pirates!— and will step down and order your fine new charger from Cork, Sir, to be brought from the Dunore Arms, and will put on my Sunday apparel, and mount the little Kerry asturiones, and ride after your honor in the capacity of an ecury, as is right and fitting, till you're Lord —, till you have a better —— and will just induct Teague Rourke, my head Homer, into the office of my coadjutor and assistant in the seminary: that is, gineral, he'll tache the classes, while I'll attind your honor."

"No, O'Leary," said the general, shaking his head, "that will never do. You must return to your learned runagates, of whom I found you so justly proud when I arrived here: and if you do not wish me to repent of the confidence I have placed in you, you

will in no respect change your wonted habits."

"Then I'll engage I won't, Sir; replied O'Leary, emphatically, "and never will call you my lord, till the day of judgment; that is, till all's proved; and your lordship, the great Marquis of Dunore (which you are at this blessed moment), taking possession of your castle: for fortune, though she be pourtrayed to stand upon a rolling stone, as being flighty by nature, yet for the most part she helpeth such as be of courageous mind, and valiant stomach.—Did not Thomyris the Scythian queen, and collateral ancestor of the Macarthies, by her great spirit, with a few hundred followers, bate Cyrus intirely, with many thousands? and did not ——, but I will not bother your lordship with needless tediousness, only just will defy the world, from this day out, to prove that I care a testoon

for you; and thought, Sir, that I'd ride the asturiones after you, to shew you the way, Sir, to Castle Macarthy."

"I should, for many reasons, prefer going alone," said the general.

"Och! very well, gineral: sure I have no control over you now, Sir, why would I, only in respect of finding out the Bhan-Tierna, who does not care to be in the way of the quality; foreby being always in the fields, or on her own mountains, from sun-rise to sun-set, just like a little grasshopper, the sowl! chirping and hopping, and living on dews and air, as one would say; that's as Anacreon says, Sir:—and remembers your construing that same into mighty pretty Latin; and you only twelve years old and three months."

"You may order my horse in an hour hence," said the general.

O'Leary now drew towards the door, throwing back one eager, anxious, and

affectionate look, which the general returned with an expressive smile. O'Leary raised his eyes in thanksgiving, murmured an Irish prayer, dashed the gathering tears from his eyes, and crossing his hands behind him, retired muttering to himself as he slowly descended the steep stairs, "And Cumhal the cratur, not alive to see this day!"

An hour had scarcely elapsed when O'Leary, mounted on the fine horse he had alluded to, appeared under the window of the general's apartment. He had thrown off his pedagogue costume, was habited in his gala dress of many coats, had put on a new wig and hat, was shaved unusually close, and exhibited a countenance far indeed from placid, but from which every trace of anxiety and solicitude was banished. The flutter of new-born, unexpected happiness still distinguished his manner. He had given his boys an holiday, and

was incapable of fixing his attention to his daily habits; but there was an air of contentment about him which indicated an evident revolution in feelings and ideas. His short cough, and expressions of kindness to the animal on which he was mounted, drew General Fitzwalter to the window; and he stood for a moment contemplating this warm-hearted, zealous, and devoted being, with an emotion of pride and benevolence, as one, who true to human sympathy, beholds with triumph the happiness he has created.

In a few minutes he was mounted on his steed; and O'Leary continued to walk beside him, with one hand behind his back, and the other leaning on the horse's flank.

"I'll just step on a taste with your honor," he observed, to excuse his intrusion, "to shew the good road, Sir, and open the little gates, and remove

the brambles that stop up the gaps in the mearings betwixt the *pratie* grounds of the Dunore tenants."

To this the general made no objection; and O'Leary continued,

"And so, you are going, gineral, jewel, to make your courtesies, and to pay your obeysance to the Countess of Clancare, which makes the friar's words come true, anno 1505."

"What friar, and what words, O'Leary?"

"Och! an holy man your honor," said O'Leary, lowering his voice, and raising his head towards the general's ear, "who was superior of the order here, in the time of the first Lord Dunore, who got the castle after the Macarthies, and who chased away the brotherhood. He left a curse on Dunore castle, which remains unredeemed to this day. His prophecy, which is in Irish, may be thus construed:

Macarthy More shall have his won,
When, after battles lost and won,
The Norman shall cross the theshold floor,
To woe the heir of Macarthy More:
When the dexter hand from the clouds shall bend,
And the moose deer* to its home shall wend;
When he shall return, who was dead and gone,
Macarthy More shall have his own—
Such are the words of Friar Con."

"The prediction of your friar, O'Leary," said the general, smiling, "like most prophecies, is sufficiently vague and indefinite. It may mean anything or nothing."

"Anything or nothing!" returned O'Leary, quickly. "Does *battles lost and won* mane nothing? And the retrate of Masha-na-glass, and the Foray of Dooghna-go-hoone, between the Fitzadelms and the Macarthies, about a prey of cattle, and divers other com-

* The dexter arm, the crest of the Fitzadelms: —the moose deer, that of the Macarthies.

bats, as will be seen in my Genealogical History, written in the Phœnician vulgo vocata Irish; do *they* mane nothing? And does the *Norman crossing the threshold floor, to woo the heir of Macarthy More,* mane nothing, gineral? and your honor" (here he lowered his voice to a whisper), "and your honor going to make your obeisance to the *Bhan Tierna* of the world? And does

"The dexter hand from the cloud shall bend,
And the moose deer to its home shall wend,"

mane nothing? when the dexter hand's the device of the Fitzadelms; and is going, in lowly suit, to tender itself to the Macarthy's heir: and the moose deer, the crest of the Macarthies, which was found cut beautifully in stone among the rubbish at Castle Macarthy, and set up over the portal, by Lady Clancare, when she came home, a wandering *deer* herself, the cratur! the

wide world over? And then——" he added, in emotion, "*for him who shall return, being*"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Fitzwalter, "that is plain: but it is by no means so certain, because a Norman stranger visits the heiress, or representative of the Macarthy family, that he is to *woo* her. And if the restoration of the greatness and property of the Macarthies rests upon that part of your Friar's prophecy, I'm afraid, O'Leary, the whole falls to the ground."

"If she chooses it, plaze your honor, she'll make you woo her, and win her too," said O'Leary, with an air of mysterious doggedness.

"Indeed!"

"Troth! and deed, Sir. Sure she rules the world intirely, Sir: and has greatly quelled the Crawleys since she came into it.—And is like her great ancestor, the famed Illen Macarthy, the

first Countess of Clancare, only child to the great Florence: she, who rescued the title from Daniel the base-born, and bestowed it upon her own husband (the queen consenting thereunto), Sir Donach Macarthy Reagh of Carberry; and like her the Bhan Tierna is sharp witted, a great lover of learning, capable of any study, and has, at this present speaking, my Irish and Latin dictionary, which she walked down herself to borrow, the very evening of the day your honor set off to Cork; which was the day, Sir, she arrived from England, where she had been sojourning, to the intire loss of the country; and the Crawleys waxing cockish the moment her back was turned; and brings me home this piece of antiquity; *and thinks it will plaze you, O'Leary,* says she, here it is, plaze your honor." He pulled from his breast a tattered volume, adding, "It is entitled '*Tom*

Loodles' rhymes, Sir, '*nipping by name divers honorable and worshipful of the realm, and certain officers of the deputy's household, for grieving the land with impositions*—bearing date Jan. 28, Anno Dom. 1576.' Making, with the deputy's answer, and a speech of one James Stanihurst, an Esquire of worship, Warder of Dublin, but eight sheets closely indited—which, with your lave, gineral, I'll peruse aloud to beguile the way, which is bare and bleak."

"I would rather you would explain to me, O'Leary," said the general, alighting, and throwing the bridle of the horse over his arm, "why, talking as you did, so much and so frequently of the ancient state and fortunes of this Macarthy family, you should have said nothing of their present existence; of this Lady Clancare, for instance, whom you merely mentioned as an *ancient*

lady, absent from the country, and whom I naturally supposed to be the widow of the late earl."

"And isn't she an ancient countess, though a young faimale, your honor? Anno, 1565; estates regranted by letters patent, to hold them of the crown after the English fashion; and sat in parliament afore 1584: and as for not *cosher-ing** about her with a stranger in the mountains (no stranger to the heart if strange to the eye), would you ax one of the Pobble O'Leary's to betray their Tanista, their Bhan Tierna? and her last words, laving the country in Owny, the Rabragh's ould chay, being——"

"Owny, the Rabragh!" repeated the general, with a little start.

"Yes, my lord, Sir, I mane; the last words laving the country, and the first when she came back was, not to

* Coshering, literally, gossipping.

be talking her over with strangers; nor, 'bove all, with any of the Fitzadelms, who were expected over every day them two years: and when I tould her that I was sure I had the Lord Adelm houselled under my roof, and described your honor to her *verbatim et literatim*, she swore me over again that I would not sell her to yez."

"Sell her! but what was her object in this concealment?"

"Pride, Sir; what else would it be. The pride of the Macarthies, Sir, the proudest race in Christendom, dead or alive, this day: and didn't choose, the sowl, to be overshadowed by them Dunores and their greatness, in her poor ould castle, (3) without her tiernas or clans, her bonagh, sorohen, cuddy, shragh, or mart; without her warder, or constable, or gallowglasses, or calivers, or hand weapons; but only just Ulic Macshane, the cow-boy, and Sibby, her

little bit of a handmaid, with only thirty pounds per annum, chief-rents of great estates on the Kerry side of Clotnotty-joy, that are worth thousands to their owners; and that's all coming to her now, who by right is king of the Cori-anddi; and all that's left of her barony, town-lands, plough-lands, castle, and manor, with all royalties, mines, quarries, suit and service, knight's fees, wardships and marriages, escheats, waifs, strays, goods proclaimed, persons of bondmen, estovers, villains and their followers, fairs, markets, tolls, and all franchises and privileges whatsoever, with a court baron at Ballydab for the Cork estates, and another at Clancare for Kerry; to say nothing of chief-tainries all through the province, sowled scrubal by scrubal to such land pirates as the Crawleys; and broke some of their sword-blade company bargains since she came home. Now to see her

rinting her own castle, and going a foot to mass, barring when the mules isn't at work, and has them put to her cabriole, made by ould Cormack the wheelwright. Mules! Bachal Essu! she that had her Spanish jennets, and her Hobellers, and Asturiones, and Arabians, sent over by Don Jacobus Macarthy as a gift to the great Florence; foreby her steeds ready caparisoned afore the rack in case of a sudden foray, and the O'Driscols coming down the mountains to make a prey of kine; and that is the raison, plaze your honor, why she'd wish to keep aloof of them English quality, who might stand upon the pantoufles of their English rank, and treat her, as she pithily observed to me, as the Saxon King John and his Norman gallants did the great Milesian O'Connors, and O'Briens, and O'Byrnes, and Macarthies, who set the Irish chiefs at nought, laughed at their man-

tles and truises, mocked their glibbs and beards, and with flaps on their lips, and thumps on their backs, discourteously received the courtesies of the native nobility of the land. Besides, she might not like, being a lone lady, to come in the way of the young Lord Adelm, who is, according to rumour, a rake and raparee, one in whom there is no stay, no sobriety, likening his father the Honorable Gerald."

"And yet," said the general, "Lady Clancare chose to let herself be taken prisoner to Dunore, when a word would have saved her the mortification of standing in so humiliating a position before those persons she was so anxious to avoid."

"And if she did," said O'Leary, with a significant look, "I'll ingage she had her reasons for that same: and did not you mind, that secret and drifty as them Crawleys was, to ruin

the world round, and your honor to boot, they were all outwitted and circumvented every step; and mark my words, the Bhan Tierna was at the bottom of all, overthrowing their complots and their policies; and when I saw your honour there in the midst of them, your natural kin, it minded me of the secret enemies of the great ould Earl of Kildare, and their accusations against him, deposed before Henry the Seventh, anno 1501, charging him with burning the cathedral church of Cashell; and he, baited at the stake, did confess the fact: and when it was looked for that he should justify the same, 'By Jasus,' quoth he, 'I would never done it, plaze your majesty, had they not tould me the archbishop was within;' and merrily laughed the king at the plainness of the man, the archbishop being present; and when it was deposed that all Ireland could not govern this earl,

'No!' quoth the king, 'then in good faith shall this earl govern all Ireland;' and forthwith he made him lord-deputy and knight of the garter, to the discomfiture of his enemies, and is ancestor to the young Duke of Leinster to this day."

O'Leary chuckled over this anecdote; and though General Fitzwalter could perceive no parallel between the Earl of Kildare's case and his own, yet there was such animation and cheerfulness in O'Leary's manner, out of the abundance of whose heart the mouth now spoke, that he was unwilling to chill it by a dissentient opinion upon a subject which it seemed to give him such pleasure to maintain.

They had now passed the last fence of the potatoe grounds, had got upon the highway, the general had mounted his horse, and was declining O'Leary's offer of accompanying him to Castle Macar-

thy, when Lord Adelm, followed by a groom, appeared galloping towards them. He stretched out his hand to General Fitzwalter, who rode up to him, and took it cordially. O'Leary stood with his head uncovered, and with something between amazement and consternation painted in his looks.

"I have met with a great loss," said Fitzadelm, as they rode on together.

"You bear losses with such philosophy," said Fitzwalter, "that it would be throwing away sympathy to offer it to you. But what further trials has your disinterested generosity been put to?"

"I have lost," said Lord Adelm, with a melancholy look, "my sybil's kerchief."

General Fitzwalter rode close up to him, and throwing his arm over Lord Adelm's shoulder, said—"And what, if I

have discovered the sybil who owns that handkerchief?"

"Discovered!" said Lord Adelm, almost springing from his horse, and taking the bridle of the general's, so as to draw them still closer together—"discovered, say you! how? when? where? what is she, sybil, sylph, woman, maid, widow, or wife? Speak, I conjure you."

"A woman and a wife; *almost*, at least, a wife," replied Fitzwalter, with a half-repressed sigh.

"Whose wife?" demanded Lord Fitzadelm, with the blood mantling to his cheek.

"Mine," was the abrupt reply.

A short silence succeeded to this singular and most unexpected answer; till Lord Adelm, recovering from the shock a reply so mysterious was calculated to give, at last, with a look, in which some faint indication of plea-

surable triumph was discernible, observed:—

"Every thing about you is extraordinary. You are out of the pale of every-day creation. All things connected with you are calculated for amazement or admiration: but that any one you have deigned to—to—should turn her eyes on me!—in short, you trifle with my folly, you play with my credulity—you—"

"At the present moment," said the general, "I cannot satisfy your doubts, or clear up your perplexities. I am myself doubtful and uncertain; perplexed in the extreme. If the owner of the mystic kerchief is the person I suspect she is, or might be still—but I demand your indulgence, and the suspension of your curiosity. To-night it may be in my power to become more explicit. Till then, or till that moment arrives when I can fully explain my-

self, confide in my truth, rely on my friendship, and believe that my feelings are not more at ease than your own. Where can I see you this evening?"

"Where! where, but at the castle? My mother's dinner card of general invitation is now on its way to you. It was with difficulty I could confine her to *that;* not but that I consider your delicacy as morbid and sickly upon this point."

"It must not, and it ought not to be," said the general.

"It must, and ought. It's folly to act otherwise. To me it is privation, and in you suspicious. I will call on you in my way home, and we will return to dinner together; or, rather, I wish you would accompany me now."

"Where are you bound to?"

"To Glannacrime. This morning, at breakfast, I thought I perceived a little intelligence between my mother

and her election agent, to keep me for some time out of the scene of action; so I ordered my horse, and came off to canvass the '*most sweet voices*' of those purchaseable worthies, in person. But this most extraordinary intelligence, mysterious and unsatisfactory as it is, which you have now communicated to me, leaves me without thought or view for any other object, save that which has so long occupied my existence; that which Your wife! Oh! you jest. Impossible! you never mentioned, never hinted, that you were married before; and now"

"To tell the truth," said Fitzwalter, shrugging his shoulders, "I had almost forgotten it myself. It was an event in my life brief and fantastic as a dream, made up of circumstances as wild and as discordant; occurring amidst scenes, perilous and foreign to such an engagement, amidst the crash of war,

the groans of the dying; when the vow, half breathed, remained unratified; the benediction, half pronounced, was unfinished; and the ceremony, all but concluded, was broken off in time to render the forms which had passed binding only to faith, to honour, and to gratitude. These ties all remain; and if they are to be irrevocably broken, 'tis not by me. This you are going to say is all enigma; and so it is. Yet now I will be pressed no further. To-night perhaps . . . till then, farewell."

He now spurred his horse, and in a moment was out of sight. There was in the tone, the air, and the manner, more than in his words, an imposing firmness, and indisputable decision upon all occasions, when he chose to be peremptory, which left persuasion hopeless.

"He is his own destiny and mine," said Lord Adelm, with a sigh, as he

looked after him. "To contend with him, or to oppose him, were to struggle with fatality." In this conviction there was something extremely accordant to the habits of mind and morbid imagination of him who embraced it. Mystery was his element; and whatever was wild or terrible, dark or extraordinary, whatever roused profound emotion, or gave feeling to extraordinary conjecture, was calculated to ingross and interest him. The commander of *Il Librador* did both.

CHAPTER V.

Even so, this happy creature, of herself is all sufficient.

WORDSWORTH.

There stand—for you are spell-stopp'd.

SHAKESPEARE.



It was a bright, warm September morning (one of those days so rare in a climate impregnated with the vapours of the greatest ocean of the earth), that, for the first time since his arrival in the country, General Fitzwalter entered the village of Ballydab. But neither the noon-day sun which shone on its views, nor the mountain breeze that blew over them, rich in the perfumes of plants peculiar to the southern mountains of

Ireland, could lend a charm to this ruinous retreat of indigence and misery. Ballydab, the EL DORADO of O'Leary; the once fair dependency of its own feudal castle, an ancient borough, which had formerly sent two members to parliament by prescriptive right (for its charter was not upon record), Ballydab, once noted in military and ecclesiastical history, was now a desolate and ruinous village, scarcely less imposing or less miserable in its appearance than the deserted city of Kilmallock in the same province (4). The remains of a wall which once surrounded the town were still visible. The site of a Dominican abbey of Black Friars, erected in the fifteenth century, by "the sovereign, brethren, and commonalty," was yet ascertainable; and the ruins of other castles and monasteries afforded shelter to many wretched families, who had built their perishable

huts against the walls of edifices, whose strength had stood the shock of ages. Ballydab, which had been founded by the Macarthies, had long since been transferred to the Dunore family, and had been included in the great sale of boroughs, which, while it sanctified the principle of corruption, by acknowledging the landlord's pecuniary interest in the votes of his tenantry, and his *possession* of the borough, had purchased the transfer of all right in the annihilation of the national legislature. Desolate, impoverished, and neglected, the surrounding land given up to jobbers, it bore all the signs, not only of distress, but of squalid and hopeless pauperism. Its inhabitants were deemed lawless, they were, indeed, occasionally desperate; no natural demand being made upon their native activity, their restlessness had sometimes degenerated to mischief: and it was, perhaps, as much

their misery that they had few wants, as that they had still fewer means of supplying them. Their cabins were, for the most part, ruined hovels; and in the centre of the town, a swampy marsh, where an annual fair was held by ancient usage, sent up ordinarily a pestilential vapour, though now unusually dry.

Yet, amidst these symptoms of general wretchedness, evidences of recent and progressive improvement were to be seen. The mountain which sheltered the town was cultivated and green to its summit. Several of the hovels were newly whitewashed: and, in a few instances, freshly plaistered chimnies emitted the smoke, which more commonly found egress at the door. In the front of one cabin, a poor man was employed in filling up a stagnate pool, and an heap of manure was removing from before another. At the

door of a barn a number of children were employed in making green rush matting, and at a little shebeen house, a piper sat upon a stone bench playing a gay Irish lilt.

The general as he passed along had to return the low bows of all he met, for there were strangely mingled with the general aspect of misery and wildness an air of courtesy, and a civilization of manner, which formed a curious contrast. From every point of the village the castle was conspicuous, for it stood on the brow of a hill that overhung it, and upon a precipice which immediately arose from a river, formed of many tributary streams, and flowing into one of the many bays, which, a mile further on, indented the coast. All that now remained of the original edifice of Castle Macarthy was a coarse square building, rude, inelegant, and wholly destitute of the architectural ornament which

distinguished the beautiful and perfect Castle of Dunore, a building more modern by about a century. The ballium, the barbican, the parapets, the embrazures and crenelles, described by O'Leary, and existing only in the memory of what he read, or the imagination of what he wished, were vainly sought for in the chapter of realities. His castle was literally "a castle in the air."

As General Fitzwalter approached more closely, and ascended the steep and rutted lane, or approach, he perceived a fosse partly filled up, and a flagged causeway crossing it. The stone pillars of the gates still remained; and the castle bawn, the demesne of feudal recreation, lay to the left, and was still fenced round with a low wall of mud and brambles. It was now, however, planted with potatoes, rich in their bright silver and orange flowers. The

mountain rose almost perpendicularly above the castle; and to the left a romantic glen, wild, irregular, and rocky, afforded a passage to the many mountain brooks which swelled the greater streams and fell into the sea. Two or three irregular sashed windows appeared scattered over the front of the castle, but it was principally lighted by loophole casements. The hall door of black bog oak lay open, and the crest of the Macarthies, alluded to by O'Leary, the moose deer, cut in stone, was raised above it, with the date of 1500. A knocker would have been vainly sought for; nor was any person visible, except two women, who appeared at a distance, weeding a patch of ground at the extremity of the potatoe ridges; while a venerable greyhound, which lay basking in the sun before the door, the sole guardian of these ruined towers, only growled at the

stranger's approach, half raised himself, and then lay down again to sleep. General Fitzwalter entered the stone-roofed hall; and in the hope that some one might accidentally appear, occupied himself in examining the singular ornaments with which it was decorated. A wolf's head, the last caught in Ireland, as was inscribed on a brass plate, bearing date 1710, hung from the centre of the ceiling. Beneath it, on an old stone table, the enormous fossil horns of a moose deer were extended: a few old pictures were dropping from their frames; and on either side of the hall, two narrow arched ways led to dark, damp, stone passages. He was at last tempted to proceed through that on the left, guided by the sound of a voice, which had suddenly raised a lilt, and as suddenly stopped it, when some one ran forcibly against him, hastily drawing back and exclaim-

ing, "The blessed Virgin save us, Amen!" The general followed the person whose surprise or fears had extorted this ejaculation, and found himself at the door of an old spacious smoaky kitchen. In removing the alarm he had just awakened, he increased the surprise of the intimidated person. It was a young woman, who courtesied and blushed, with something like recognition in her looks; and putting back her locks beneath her round-eared cap, she remained silent and confused. On the inquiry whether Lady Clancare was at home, she courtesied still lower, and said, "Is it my lady, Sir? Oh yes, to be sure she is, your honor—I ax your pardon. This a way, if you plaze, Sir. Have a care, there is a little stooleen in your way. I'll but step afore your honor a taste,"—and still engaged in arranging her dress, she led the way to the stone passage, on the

ther side the hall, and passing under a gothic arched way, she threw open a door at the further extremity of the passage, and ushered the visitor into a low-roofed but spacious room. His conductress having wiped a large arm chair, and pulled it near the dying embers of a turf fire, which she replenished from an huge turf-box that stood near the hearth (for the room was chill, notwithstanding the warmth of the day), she was retiring, when he called her back, and giving her his card, desired her to carry it, with his respectful compliments, to the Countess of Clancare. The girl looked at the card, and then at him, and a smile just visible stole over her features as she retired.

The room into which he had been shewn occupied his attention during the moment of waiting. It was of dimensions disproportionate to its height, and from its dark and irregular figure,

and the immense width of the wall (marked by the deep recess of its only window), it appeared to occupy one of the towers which flanked the castle towards the precipitous glen, and was not, therefore, perceptible from the front.

The walls, neither wainscotted nor papered, were partially covered with faded tapestry, the figures of which were antique and grotesque. It was the work of Irish nuns, whose looms a century and a half ago had contributed to the decoration of many Irish castles.(5) Above the ample and ungrated hearth, a lofty, cumbrous, but handsome chimney-piece of grey marble, the produce of the adjoining quarries, arose nearly half way to the ceiling. For two feet above the floor, it was incrusted with brick, and seemed to have been but lately discovered. On its entablature was carved the following

inscription: DONAGH MACARTHY COMES DE CLANCARE ME FECIT, 1565. The floor was of beaten earth, mixed with free-stone sand, and was covered near the fire-place with some new rush matting: an oak table, a tattered Indian skreen, a high ponderous japan chest, and a few long-backed curiously carved oak chairs, composed the whole furniture of this antique and gloomy apartment: a spinning wheel stood near the hearth, and a Spanish guitar, and a parasol, oddly contrasted to it, lay on the table. The recess window was evidently devoted to the purposes of a study. The view it commanded was enchanting, for it hung immediately over a glen; and a river seen sparkling through the rich underwood brawled beneath; and rushed through a cleft in the rocks towards the distant bay.

The floor of this recess was covered with a piece of old but once rich Turkey

carpet: the table, which nearly occupied it (leaving space only for a chair), was heaped with books and manuscripts; the latter, however, not bearing the stamp of antiquity, but fresh written; for the humid pen was evidently but just laid down. Two books stood open, marked with a pencil and a flower. The one was *Hanmer's Chronicle*, the other *Campion's History of Ireland*; an Irish and Latin Dictionary, and an odd volume of Lopez de Vega, Burn's poems, and a small edition of Shakespeare, with an antique missal, bound in crimson velvet, with the arms and coronet of the Clancares, formed the whole of this little collection. Some flowers, seemingly just gathered, in a handsome china vase, stood upon the table, and an embroidered work-bag, such as are worked in foreign convents, with a silver cross and rosary, hung over the back of the

chair, and compleated the paraphernalia of this little recess, which might have served equally for the retreat of the sage or the saint, or as a reposoir for the fantastic taste of a petite maitresse. The flowers and the work-bag were at once assignable to the *gout musqué* of the timid, but evidently affected Lady Clancare—for Lord Adelm's epithet of the *petite evaporeé* seemed not ill-placed. The rosary and the cross, and the missal, were as markedly appropriate to the Spanish nun, Florence Macarthy, who had been so lately an inmate at the castle. General Fitzwalter had learned, by experience, to distrust the extravagant exaggerations of O'Leary, when the family of his hereditary Tiernas was concerned. He had no doubt that the character of Lady Clancare had been confounded in his wandering imagination with that of the celebrated

Illen Macarthy, of Queen Elizabeth's days; and that the learning and potency, attached to this female *Tanaist* in his descriptions, had no more certain existence than the balliums, crenelles, and barbican, which he had given to her dilapidated castle. Even the exertions she had made to liberate an oppressed man, through her application to Judge Aubrey, while it evinced great goodness of heart, was deemed sufficient to explain the popularity she so evidently enjoyed among a people equally alive to kindness and neglect. But whatever might be the character of this fair recluse, her tastes, like her appearance, were manifestly delicate and feminine: and there was something peculiarly touching, and even pitiable, in the indigence betrayed in this ruinous asylum, of one so young, so nobly born, so destitute, and so unprotected. Her assumption of a title

she had no means of supporting, her retirement from the world to a solitude so dreary, shewed at least the pride of birth; and pride, from whatever source it springs, when at variance with poverty, forms one of the most painful contests of feeling to which humanity is subject.

As these thoughts passed rapidly through the mind of Fitzwalter, he almost unconsciously took down an antique sword, which hung against the wall; and mused, as he examined its curious structure, on the untowardness of a fate, in which he found some parallel to his own.

"Man," he involuntarily exclaimed, brandishing the weapon, and clasping it with a warrior's grasp;—"man, with such an instrument as this, can always cut his way to fortune or to death; and rushing forward to meet the evils of his destiny, by *opposing*, *end* them: but woman! hapless woman! what is

her resource when fortune *deserts*, when adversity *assails* her? Desolate and unguarded, with scarce one path open to her exertions, scarce one stay left to her weakness, endangered even by her perfections, risked and enfeebled by all that makes the delicious excellence of her nature,—woman! –"

The door opened, and she, whose destiny had probably given birth to this apostrophe, interrupted its conclusion. There was a sort of half start, a sudden pause in the approach of Lady Clancare, as if the visit and the visitor were equally unexpected, which communicated something of its brief confusion to her guest. He bowed, then stood for a moment, slightly embarrassed; and still armed with the antique sword of Macarthy-More, he not inaptly realized to the eyes of his fair descendant the picture left on historic record, of that magnificent chieftain. (6) Lady Clancare, with that promptitude and pre-

-sence of mind, which peculiarly belong to woman's quick perception, was the first to recover herself, and, slightly courtesying, addressed her guest by name, motioned him to a chair, and advanced with a light quick step to the centre of the room. With a disengaged air, she gradually disencumbered herself of a deep straw bonnet, a grey cloak, gloves incrusted with earth, and a black apron full of mountain ash berries, all of which articles were deliberately laid upon the table. Thus engaged, she stood with her profile towards General Fitzwalter, who had not taken the chair she had pointed out to his notice. He remained looking at a person and countenance, that seemed to have changed much of their character since he had last seen them; but where the change had occurred, he could not detect.

Lady Clancare, as she now stood, was the very personification of health, in all

its force and freshness, vigour and elasticity. The crimson of haste and exercise glowed in her cheek; and there was a life palpitating through the whole frame, throbbing in every pulse, and vibrating in every fibre, that was visible to the observer's eye. But whether she was *animated* or *agitated*, breathless from hurry, or from emotion, it would have been difficult to ascertain. Her countenance had lost nothing of its peculiar modesty; but from her half-closed eyes one glance met his, that, to him at least, seemed charged with triumph; a sort of smiling malicious triumph; the triumph of conscious success, of conscious superiority, and infelt power; such a look as he had seen her wear, when, in carrying off Lady Dunore, she had bowed her laughing and almost insolent salutation to the discomfitted Crawleys. This look, whether real or fancied, was, however,

transient as lightning; and now, disencumbered of her coarse out-of-door garments, she turned round a face dimpled with a thousand smiles; and, with the ease of a woman of the world, but the naïveté of one beyond its forms and formalities, she apologized for having so long detained him. "This is," she added, pointing again to a chair, and throwing herself into an immense old fashioned fauteuil, "this is my farming season, and farming hour. We are digging our potatoes to-day; for you must know, General Fitzwalter, the *potatoe vintage* is to us poor Irish of as great moment and interest, though not quite so susceptible of picturesque description, as the gathering of the rich grapes in the luxuriant vineyards of the Loire and the Garonne. I always preside on these occasions myself," she added, carelessly untying a silk handkerchief which encircled her neck,

" for I dare say you will agree with me, that no work goes on so lightly as that which is shared by the master."

To this proposition General Fitzwalter returned no answer. He had mechanically taken the chair assigned him, and sat with his right arm thrown over its back, and his left leaning on the old sword. His eyes were rivetted on Lady Clancare, with that eager, animated penetrating gaze natural to them, when he sought to discover or dive at once into the secret of a character that appeared to elude observation. Her's, however, as it now equivocally appeared through her easy, animated, disengaged manners, opposed to her " outward seeming" at the castle of Dunore, was all enigma. Her childish shyness, her timid and affected carriage, which had induced Lord Adelm to give her the epithet of a *minaudiere*, had disappeared. There was now something

of the sybil in her looks; and her incomprehensible change of manner assimilated with the present character of her person and character. Meantime his silence, though marked and singular, scarcely confused, and seemed not to displease her; and she sat demurely patting and caressing the old greyhound which had followed her into the room, as if she awaited an explanation of the visit, which appeared wholly unexpected, and which, it was natural to suppose, was not without cause or excuse. At last, as if to relieve the awkwardness of the pause, she stretched forth a very pretty little hand, and asked smilingly—

"Shall I take that sword from you? 'tis a cumbrous article." He laid the sword upon the table, and she drew it towards her. "Have you examined this antique weapon, General Fitzwalter? I am told it was found in a bog in 1748.

It was sent to me the other day by a neighbouring farmer, into whose hands it fell accidentally, for he was pleased, poor man, to consider me as the lady of the manor. What makes these brazen swords a valuable relic to the Irish antiquarian is, that they serve to corroborate the opinion that the Phœnicians colonised this country; for they insist that the sword-blades found upon the field of Cannæ were of the same metal and construction, and being used by the Carthaginians, who were originally Tyrians, they establish the certainty that these Irish weapons were Phœnician also. Consequently, you know, General Fitzwalter, something more than a mere presumption arises that Ireland had her arts and letters from the country of Cadmus, as all her traditions affirm, in spite of all Dr. Ledwich has said to the contrary."

All this was uttered with a sort of

mock emphasis, that left it very doubtful whether she believed a word she spoke, or whether it was mere ironical badinage, or antiquarian credulity—it served only to involve General Fitzwalter in deeper perplexity.

"Now, what is your opinion?" she added with emphatic gravity. "Do you really think we are *Tyrians by descent?*" Then laughing, and resuming her gay tone, she added, "O! I see you are no antiquarian, though you are the guest of my friend O'Leary. Well then, neither am I; and to confess the truth, the present state of this poor country interests me more than its ancient real or fabled greatness; and I should rather see my neighbours of Ballydab succeed in reclaiming and cultivating that mountain, to the right of the casement (my dear Clotnotty-joy), or improve in the rush and straw work, I am endeavouring to teach their

idle, helpless, naked children, than establish, beyond all controversy, that the *Macarthies* are descended from the Tyrian Hercules, or that Ireland was the seat of arts and letters, when the rest of the world was, according to my family genealogist, the sage O'Leary, buried in utter darkness. Do you know—apropos to ancient greatness," she added with a quick transition of voice, "that as I entered this room, there was something in your appearance, as you stood brandishing that antique weapon, that reminded me of a picture I have seen, of our family hero, (7) Florence Macarthy; though to Miss Crawley's deep-read mind, and ready literary associations, I dare say you would have recalled the image of Achilles, in the court of Lycomedes.

"In questa mano,
Lampeggi il ferro ah recominciо adesso,

A ravissar me stesso, ah! forse a fronte,
A milie squadre, e mille!"

"And if I were," said General Fitzwalter, interrupting her impulsively, and borne away by her animation, for she had repeated these lines with an almost dramatic effect; "and if I were '*a fronte a mille squadre e mille!*' my position, perhaps, would be less hazardous than that I at present occupy."

"It would at least be more in your WAY," she replied significantly.

"How do *you* know that?" he asked eagerly.

"Oh! I *know* nothing. I merely guess it. I have a true woman's mind: no judgment, no reflection, no *knowledge*, but some intelligence, and a rapidity of perception, that goes before all experience, and lights upon facts by accident, which it would take an age for philosophy to puzzle at."

"Then perhaps," he returned, "you are already intuitively aware of the cause of this intrusion upon proscribed ground, where the soles of unblessed feet are not, I understand, permitted to press."

"Oh! to be sure I am. The cause *is*,—that of most of the untoward things men do;—heroes, as well as others,—a woman—"

"*That*, my visit to your ladyship sufficiently indicates. But the purport of this visit *to a woman*, whose dwelling is forbidden to a stranger's steps—to all male intrusion I understand—"

"*That* I confess," returned Lady Clancare, laughing, "surpasses my oracular divinations. I trust, however, it is sufficient to sanction the infringement of one of the most strictly observed laws in the statute book of—Ballydab.—But whatever be the pur-

port of your visit, I honestly confess you owe your admission to the simplicity of my maid--a little Tipperary nymph, and a stranger, whom I have just brought to this country, and whom I have not yet had time to initiate into all the mysteries of her vocation. My seclusion," she added earnestly, " is no *affectation*, no lure to quicken curiosity, or attract attention. It is indispensable that I should live much alone; my peculiar situation demands it, my circumstances enforce it, my avocations require it. You, however, have taken me by surprise; may I, therefore, beg to know the purport of the visit so unexpected?"

" The purport, Madam," said General Fitzwalter, " of this visit, which certainly demands an apology for such unwarranted intrusion, is to return *this handkerchief to its right owner.*"

He arose as he spoke, and drawing from his breast the handkerchief, dropped by Lord Fitzadelm, presented it to Lady Clancare. Her complexion, which had varied to hues of every shade of red as she spoke, now faded to an unearthly paleness. The ardent eyes of General Fitzwalter pursued its flight, and contributed, perhaps, by the intensity of their gaze, to recall it to the surface it had deserted.

"And to whom, then," she asked, in a low and unsteady voice, "do *you* suppose this handkerchief belongs?"

"I did," he replied, emphatically, "suppose this morning, from particular circumstances, that it might belong to a lady of the name of Florence Macarthy, a kinswoman of your ladyship, a refugée nun from Spanish America, and now, as I have just accidentally learned, a resident in a convent in

the neighbourhood of Holy-cross. Her father served for a short time in the Guerilla war of South America: his death, which was the purchase of my life, imposed on me an obligation I *would* have requited to his daughter; but—" he paused in some confusion, then rapidly added—" Of the early part of this gallant man's story I know little; for he had assumed a Caraquian name, having in horror and disgust abandoned the royal and persecuting army. It was from his death-words only that I gathered his connexion with the illustrious house of Macarthy in this country. That he was high-spirited and brave, I collected from my own observation; that he was unfortunate, and in exile, it was natural to suppose, for he was an Irishman, and a catholic."

Lady Clancare had listened to this detail with an averted head; she now turned round, with the deep inspiration

of one who suddenly recovers from a shock in which the mind and body had alike participated. She opened the handkerchief, ran her eyes rapidly over it, and observed, carelessly—"There is no doubt this little scarf must be Florence Macarthy's: here is the cross, the holy device of these fanciful saints, who you see, general, must have their *prettinesses in piety*, and are women even to the last; and here are the initials of her name, F. M. Now Florence is spelled with an F, and Macarthy with an M. Here, then, you see are proofs incontrovertible, internal evidences. I know the *caligraphy* of her needle: this is *her work;* there is her favourite stitch; take two threads, drop three, and cross over. I remember it well. I have seen it thrown over her shoulders an hundred times in our stolen twilight walks; for these cloistered creatures are coy even to the very

air; 'the chartered libertine,' which blows on all alike, the sinner or the saint: and yet, to my knowledge, my cousin has not been in this part of the country since she took up her residence with our lady of the Annunciation; and though she has not yet renewed her vows, I believe she holds herself religiously bound

> 'For aye, to be in shady cloister mewed,
> Chaunting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.'

Besides, she is so sober, stedfast, and demure, that she would scarcely step out of her way to woo a soul to heaven, much less to *fling the handkerchief*. Come, confess; have you then been besieging her convent, opposing your military tactics to the whole army of martyrs, and has she sent you this appropriate device as a flag of defiance or of truce,

till further parley, and am I to be the *herald*, the negotiator?"

The sudden transition of Lady Clancare's look, the playful ease which succeeded to her evident but transient consternation, the rapidity of her utterance, and the directness of her question, confounded General Fitzwalter. A new-born surmise, which for a moment had arisen out of her confusion, was stifled in its birth; and his suspicions, as to the mysterious and invisible mistress of Lord Adelm, were lost, or rather no longer remembered, as he listened to a rallying pleasantry which he was wholly unprepared to answer, and unconsciously took up the handkerchief which Lady Clancare had thrown on the table.

"I have only this morning learned," he replied, "that Miss Macarthy was in this country: nor do I hold myself at liberty to reveal more of the strange

circumstances connected with this handkerchief, which your ladyship insists to have been her's, than that it came by romantic and singular means into the hands of a person who prized it much, who knows not that it is now in mine; and that we are both, though from different motives, interested in discovering the real owner."

"I think the initials sufficiently indicate," said Lady Clancare, gravely, "that it is, or has been, the property of Florence Macarthy: but, after all, the fact may be that she has bestowed it upon some young novice, or convent boarder; some fondled little friend *de par l'eglise.* These feminine interchanges of good-will are perpetually passing between the ladies and their laical companions. It makes a part of the occupation of their pious idleness: and the young worldlings frequently exhibit in a ball-room what has been

worked in a cell. If the handkerchief, therefore, *has been thrown at you*, General Fitzwalter, as you loitered in some country town, or reproachfully sent to you with the pretty device of

> 'When this you see,
> Remember me,
> Though far asunder we may be,'

or if you yourself took it, the owner nothing loath to wipe away tears worth an Hebe's smiles, and now wish to return it, with an heart wrapped up in it, no longer of any use to the present owner; or if you——"

"To spare your ladyship any further conjectures," said General Fitzwalter, with a countenance rather expressive of annoyance, "I must repeat to you, the handkerchief is not mine, was neither sent to, nor intended for me; and the object of this intrusion goes no further than to learn from your ladyship if—

that is, where, or how—" he paused and coloured. The eyes of Lady Clancare now archly fixed his, and again confounded him. He threw himself back into his chair, and petulantly, but with the naïveté of one whose feelings goaded him beyond all power of disguise, added, "The fact is, Madam, I scarcely remember what was the object of my visit."

"Pray, do not hurry yourself," said Lady Clancare, resuming her serious and demure look. "I will await your leisure, General Fitzwalter. It is now sufficient for me to know that you were the friend of the gallant Colonel Macarthy, that you are interested for his daughter. You may, therefore, of course, command me. Her interests, her happiness, are mine. I might almost say her story is mine; and add with Celia, of her cousin Rosalind, who was, like myself, *one out of sorts with fortune,*

'We still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learned, played, eat together,
Still coupled and inseparable.'

I would do much to effect the happiness of Florence Macarthy: I have done much;—too much, perhaps; but hitherto I have failed, wholly failed."

She spoke with a voice of great emphasis, a countenance of great emotion, indicating a capability of powerful and passionate feelings: then *hemmed* away a sigh, drew forward her spinning wheel, and gave up her attention very strenuously to arranging the cobweb thread upon its real: then placing her little foot upon the pedal, and turning the wheel rapidly round, she gave one sly demure look at General Fitzwalter, and awaited in patient expectation the narration which she anticipated, but which he was less than ever enabled to make. He had hung earnestly upon her emphatic declaration of friendship for

Florence Macarthy; he had watched the arrangements of the primitive and picturesque task on which she was now engaged. The quick motion of the prettiest foot he had ever seen, carelessly, but inevitably displayed, the delicate fingers which twisted and drew out the fine-spun thread, with fairy nimbleness, the occasional throwing back of her dark divided hair, and the changing hues of a complexion which bore testimony to the consciousness of being gazed at, rendered even her silence eloquent, and combined to form a picture new, and, therefore, fascinating to her sole observer. His modes of existence had indeed led him but rarely into those walks of society in which woman appears with all the superadded attraction of mind, talent, and the graces.

He now leaned on his arm, with his eyes fixed on her figure, silent, intent, and yielding to the fascination of an in-

fluence, of which, at the moment, he was scarcely conscious. All that he heard and saw was new to him; his own position was a novelty; and his fresh unworn feelings, his vehement and impetuous passions, took warmly and deeply the impressions, which, an object to him so extraordinary and so attractive, was so unsuspectingly making. The conventional tastes of certain circles were no indisputable guides to his preferences; his feelings, not his vanity, decided his prepossessions: he was a man whom the world had not yet spoiled; passionate, ardent, energetic. He saw before him a woman betraying her vocation, to feel and to please in every fibre, lineament, feature and motion: he beheld her distinguished by spirit, feeling, softness, and gaiety; and by that talent, so pardonable even in a woman, the talent of amusing, by that charm so delightful in all, in every thing

that possesses it, the charm of endless variety; the whole guarded by a modesty which even licentiousness dared not violate, and set off with an occasional shyness, the lingering habit of seclusion sometimes dispelled, but never totally overpowered. He saw all this, and saw—nought beside. Lord Adelm, the handkerchief, Miss Macarthy, the purport and object of his visit, were all alike forgotten; even O'Leary's prophecy and assurance of the potency of his liege lady were no longer remembered. There was now but one object in creation for him, and that was the Bhan Tierna. Meantime the wheel went merrily round; many a circling thread was spun off, many an impulse given to the twirling reel, and its monotonous hum was alone interrupted by Lady Clancare's carelessly adverting to the primitiveness of her occupation, probably for the purpose of breaking an awkward silence.

"This is a rude rustic work," she observed, "for *ladies'* fingers, but our grandmothers of the highest rank in Ireland were all spinners. This wheel belonged to the last Lady Clancare, who had the blood royal of Ireland in her veins. My grandfather preserved it for me, and he had little else to bequeath me. It has already obtained me some celebrity. I am reckoned an excellent spinner; and in fact I like it beyond all other work. I like its humming noise, which disturbs the dreary tranquillity of the long winter evenings, which I pass here alone in my '*Val chiusa.*' It relieves my worn-out eyes from the dazzle of the paper, on which necessity has urged me to trace so much nonsense, that I may live, and others may laugh; for possibly you *have* heard, General Fitzwalter, that I am, by *divine indignation*, a—a *sort* of an author *un maniére d'esprit*, and it is quite true. With

Ireland in my heart, and epitomizing something of her humour and her sufferings in my own character and story, I *do* trade upon the materials she furnishes me; and turning my patriotism into pounds, shillings, and pence, endeavour, at the same moment, to serve her and support myself. Meantime my wheel, like my brain, runs round. I spin my story and my flax together; draw out a chapter and an hank in the same moment; and frequently break off the *thread* of my reel and of my *narration* under the influence of the same association; for facts will obtrude upon fictions, and the sorrows I idly feign are too frequently lost in the sufferings I actually endure."

"The sufferings you endure!" interrupted Fitzwalter. "You! gracious heaven! You, who look the very personification of health, spirit, and enjoyment!"

"Enjoyment!" she repeated, shaking

her head, and throwing her eyes significantly from the bare walls of the gloomy apartment to its cold earth floor.

"Yes," he said, replying to her look, "if external objects were any thing to *you*, that may be true: but with a spirit apparently so buoyant—a spirit that sparkles in your eye, varies your complexion, gives life, soul, and animation to every feature, and every word you utter; with an imagination to create around you a perpetual Paradise, an imagination——"

"An imagination," she interrupted eagerly, "to exalt every anguish, to exaggerate every suffering, to embellish the distant good, and embitter the present evil, to oppose the dreariness and privation of a rude and ungenial solitude, to all the refined and elegant tastes of polished social life, whose details passing through the prismatic medium of fancy, like the broken and

worthless particles flung into the kaleidoscope, arrange themselves in symmetric beauty and harmonic colouring, to charm and to deceive, and to assume forms, hues, and lustre, beyond their own intrinsic qualities.".

"But, good God!" he exclaimed, seduced by a frankness so flattering, struck by a detail, which in delivery opposed the energy of strong feelings to the playfulness of constitutional gaiety, "your solitude after all must be an act of choice, an election made for the noblest purposes—for serving your compatriots; for cherishing in retreat the enthusiasm, the true source of genius, and which is so soon lost in the passionless trifling circles of society. You have only to appear in the world and to——"

"And to be shewn off like a wild beast; as *the woman that writes the books*; to be added to the ménagerie of such lion leaders as that half ma-

niac Lady Dunore; to 'con wit by rote,' and '*desennuyer la sottise*;' and then, having worn out curiosity with novelty, to be sent back to my den, with an assurance from my keeper that I am perfectly harmless, and not half so dangerous as might be supposed. Oh! no, better, far better, that I should be shut up with my Irish inheritance of pride, poverty, and talent; better leave the mind in the spacious circuit of its own musing, to feed upon its own resources, to associate only with the deep loneliness of its own feelings: better remain amidst the scenes of my wild, uncultivated childhood, and unknown, unseen, steal silently through an insignificant life, watch through each successive

——— 'Drizzling day
Again too trace the wintry brake of snow;
Or sooth'd by western airs, again survey
The *self-same* hawthorn bud and cowslips blow."

She smiled, paused, and then continued:— "Here, at least, I stand aloof from debasing protection, from the taunt of envy, and the sneer of malignity, the overbearing of upstart pride, the contumely of self-satisfied ignorance. Here, too, I still do some good. I thwart the evil genii of the place, the OGRISH Crawleys; immortalize the supercilious folly of my neighbours, which, even here, *would* look down upon me with that hatred, '*all blockheads bear to wit;* colonize my dear little Clotnotty-joy; encourage the arts, by allowing two and eightpence halfpenny per week to a piper; and give '*my little senate laws*'—the Cato and Lycurgus of the flourishing city of Ballydab. Besides, I do much in giving an example of constant ceaseless industry and activity to my people. When I am not writing, for I write for bread, I am planting potatoes, or presiding over turf

bogs; or I am seated with my wheel in a barn, in the midst of the would-be loitering, lounging, lazy matrons of Clotnotty-joy; and when the Bhan Tierna's wheel goes round, every wheel in the parish turns with it. For in these remote districts, as all through Ireland, a long train of unhappy circumstances, political and local, greatly increased since the Union by the absence of our nobility and gentry, have reduced the peasantry to an indigence only to be estimated by being seen; and from the very inadequate remuneration of labour, have introduced inveterate habits of sloth. Labour is pain, and idleness must naturally prevail, wherever the incitements to industry are wanting to overpower the constant tendency of human nature to inertness. A few insulated examples of well-meaning individuals are not sufficient to effect a very general reformation, which will not take place till

artificial wants become as pressing as the natural ones. Yet poor and unassisted as I am, I think even I could do much, could I only persuade the people about me to want bacon for their dinner, and shoes for their feet. But as long as they are content to subsist on potatoes, and are satisfied to go barefooted, there is nothing to be done. What must have been the state and government of that land, in which a vigorous and spirited population, a people naturally so acute, so active, and ingenious, are reduced to submit, without repining, to privations the most degrading, and to wretchedness below the unaccommodated ambition of beasts of the field. With the prejudices which run so strongly in favour of the representatives of their ancient chiefs on my side, born and reared among them, speaking their language, and assimilating to them in a thousand ways, I

have excited rebellion against my sovereign authority, by the innovations of erecting chimneys and filling up pools; and all my arguments are answered with— '*Och! long life to you, my lady; sure you'll lave us our taste of smoke, Madam, any how, that keeps the heat in us through the long winter, and not a skreed to cover us. And musha! sure the pool, why, is the life of us, Madam, in regard of the little ducks and pigs; for what would we do with them, only for the pool, my lady? and only them to pay the rint, and keep a rag on the childre.*' The worst of it is that it is all true," she added, shaking her head. "But pray, what do you think of me, General Fitzwalter, in the character of Mrs. Larry Hooleghan, pleading the cause of her *pigs and poultry?*"

As she asked this question, she laid her laughing face on her arms, which

were now folded on her silent wheel, and fixed her dark, round arched eyes on those of her auditor.

"*What do I think of you,*" he exclaimed abruptly, and drawing his chair closer to her's, yet with an air of eager impressiveness, which shewed him unconscious of the act. "To tell you all I think of you, would perhaps be as impossible as to follow the changes of your character and your countenance, which have all the brightness and evanescence of a rainbow. What I think of you no · is lost in what I think of you a moment after. Nor can I, in the Lady Clancare of to-day, trace one feature of the Lady Clancare, whom I beheld, for the first time, a prisoner in the hall of Dunore castle."

"Well," she replied laughing, "I sometimes almost lose my own identity; for I am absolutely beyond my own control, and the mere creature of cir-

cumstances, giving out properties like certain plants, according to the region in which I am placed; and resembling the blossom of the Chinese shrub, which is red in the sunshine and white in the shade, and fades and revives under the influence of the peculiar atmosphere in which it is accidentally placed. The strong extremes, and wild vicissitudes of my life, have perhaps given a variegated tone to my character, and a versatility to my mind, not its natural endowments. Abandoned in my infancy by my parents, who went to Spain, my mother's native land; left to the care of my genuinely Irish, improvident, and enthusiastic grandfather; brought up with all his Irish pride and prepossessions, among his greyhounds and finders, on the mountains; left a charge upon the rent-roll of Providence; forced by poverty, and the prejudice of my mother, into a Spanish convent;

breaking the thraldom which held me in bigotted slavery; and joyfully following a widowed father amidst the privations of a military life, in a distant land, reduced to close his eyes among the dying and the dead; helpless, hopeless, returning to my native land, to seek the protection of my aged grandfather—to find it in a jail; to labour for his support and my own; and, by the light which shone through his prison bars, to trace scenes of fancied joy and ideal happiness; thrown upon life, friendless, unprotected, and dependent upon my own exertions for subsistence, I have continued always before the world, yet always in seclusion; known to all in my public capacity, to none in my private character; carrying into society the awkwardness of a recluse, the susceptibility of sensitive feeling, equally alive to notice or to slight; but in the freedom of intimacy, to the touch

of sympathy, in communion with kindred minds, borne away by the ardour of my nature, and indulging the easy, extravagant playfulness of my constitutional gaiety; still loving the world, yet unable to live in it; *enduring* solitude, not *enjoying* it; living without hope, as without fear; blessed with health, and animated by a spirit, that never yet struck sail, to vileness, dependence, or oppression; noble by chance, an author by necessity, and a woman——" she paused for an instant, and then hastily added, "I have given you this little auto-biography, General Fitzwalter, to save you the trouble of *guessing at me*, for I see you have been conning me over, as children do conundrums, beginning with my first, and getting on to my second, but quite in the dark as to the strange combination which makes my *tout*. It now lies before you; and I have thus intruded upon the right of

intimacy, and kidnapped you into an unsought confidence, because you have been long known to me; because your position, with respect to Florence Macarthy, is known to me: this is my sanction, my excuse. I know you are going to employ me, and I thus put you in possession of my *bearings*, before you instal me in my agency."

They had now both arisen; General Fitzwalter in amazement, in emotion, and admiration, he had no power or inclination to conceal; Lady Clancare, with the colour heightening in her cheek, and her manner less collected, less easy, less disengaged, than when she had first began to speak. There was a breathless anxiety in her countenance when she paused; an apprehensiveness that seemed relieved by the door opening, and entrance of the maid, who stepped up and whispered something in her ear. Whatever this communi-

cation might be, it excited considerable confusion; and when the girl had received her answer, and had hurried out of the room, Lady Clancare, turning round in great embarrassment, said, "General Fitzwalter, you must leave me instantly. Whatever you may have to say relative to Colonel Macarthy's daughter, it must be reserved for another moment; not now—pray go. This may seem strange, but it is inevitable; and let me entreat——" she clasped her hands, and spoke with great earnestness——"let me entreat you will not take the road you came—the Dunore road.—Turning to your left, you will come out upon the beach. My maid will conduct you. The tide must be *out*, or *in:* if *out*, you can ride along the strand; if in, my boat is moored among the rocks. You can paddle it easily: I do myself—and your horse shall be sent after you to O'Leary's. I

had it put up as I entered. Now then go—farewell." He took the hand she extended to him, and holding it firmly, though it gently struggled in his grasp, he said, "I will go in any way you wish me to go; but tell me as frankly as I ask the question, is Lord Adelm Fitzadelm the person you expect? for I perceive I am in somebody's way."

Lady Clancare interrupted him with the quickness of lightning, and haughtily liberating her hand, she repeated, "Lord Adelm!—General Fitzwalter, you are the first person of your sex and rank who ever obtruded upon this solitude, where pride and poverty have sought an asylum which delicacy and prudence should have rendered inviolable."

She turned away her head; but not before he had perceived her eyes glistening with tears, prompt as her smiles, but infinitely more dangerous. They were the first tears he had ever brought

to a woman's eye; and from whatever source they sprang, however inadequate their cause, and he felt they *were* inadequate, their effect was electric: they left him shocked and confounded, covered with shame and self-reproach. Lady Clancare was moving towards the door: he followed, and prevented her exit.

"Lady Clancare," he said, "you must take me as I am, as one under the influence of tyrannical feelings, habitually but vainly combatted. You have thrown me off my guard. I have offended you unwarily: hear me a moment; I will explain to you....."

"No, no, not now. You must leave me; you must not be seen here," she answered in a hurried voice.

"I will *not* leave you be the consequence what it may, till you promise me another, an immediate opportunity of seeing you. I *must* see you, for my

own sake, for Florence Macarthy's sake, for your sake, perhaps."

Lady Clancare turned aside her head as he spoke. Something between a smile and a frown struggled on her countenance, and she replied,

"I ought not, I cannot receive you here by appointment under my own roof. You can write to Florence Macarthy: I will convey your letter: I will do every thing to forward *her* happiness, short of endangering my own character; but leave me now, I entreat, *I insist.*"

"I have written," he said, producing a letter, "but—" he hesitated, and still held it back, as if unwilling to part with it,—"but I know not how far this letter may now—"

Lady Clancare snatched it eagerly, and placed it in her bosom. "There," she said, "she shall have it immediately: you may depend on me where she

is concerned, and I will forward you her answer. I told you you would employ me: but remember, this visit, so *unexpected on my part,* so unwarranted on your's, is not to be repeated, and never to be revealed—remember that."

"*Never to be revealed!* I swear solemnly," he replied with energy: "but by all that is sacred, I will not leave this country without seeing you again; without seeing you *here.* Observe me, Lady Clancare, I am a man who has fought against a wayward fortune: by the force of perseverance, firmness, decision, and enterprize, success has followed the bias of these natural impulsions. I have no other guides, and I shall still obey them. If you are the owner of that handkerchief; if you are the person who—" He paused, and then added in a hurried tone, "that ascertained, I shall then come once more, and bid you an eternal farewell. If Florence

Macarthy, on the contrary, is the invisible demon or angel who follows, or rather leads the steps of Lord Adelm, then—"

"The marchioness is walking up the court, my lady, and has left her coach at the gates below," said the maid, putting in her wild head with a fluttered look. Lady Clancare stamped her little foot with impatience. "Go now, for God's sake," she cried.

"Do *you* then," he said, seizing her hand, and with a countenance which had undergone a rapid change since the maid had announced Lady Dunore as the expected visitor, "do you return to the castle with her—with Lady Dunore to-day?"

"Yes, yes, I dine there; but if you notice me there, or any where, without my special permission, you lose me for ever—that is, you lose the benefit of my agency with Florence Macarthy.

Now then, pray follow the servant, she will conduct you to the beach."

He had half raised her hand to his lips while she was speaking, but he suddenly dropped it and followed the maid, who led him through the stone passage to a little door that opened on the strand. There he found his horse fastened by the bridle to an iron anchorage ring in the rocks. The tide was coming in, but he out-galloped its stealing progress, and arrived with incredible celerity at Monaster-ny-Oriel.

He found O'Leary before the door of the chauntry, exposing to the air a large open deal box, lined with pictures of saints and devils, sacrifices and canonizations, his countenance full of bustling importance, and his voice raised to the highest pitch, singing Carolan's famous "*Receipt for Drinking.*"

"I was just, plaze your honor," said O'Leary, coming forward to take the ge-

neral's horse as he alighted, " I was just airing my chest, Sir, in respect of getting ready for our journey, and was conning in my own mind, when your honor galloped up, whether it would contain my Genealogical History of the Macarthies, or whether I'd divide them into two turf kishes, just to make a shew travelling through the country; for when *Carte* got lave to take the Ormonde papers out of the evidence chamber at Kilkenny castle, to compose the life of the great *Duke of Ormonde*, he filled three *Irish cars* with them; and I'd be sorry, troth, but the documents of the real Irish Macarthies-More, Kings of Munster, would be of less bulk than the papers of them Saxon churls, the Butlers."

" I am afraid, however," said the general, smiling, " we must dispense with their honourable burthen in our immediate journey, O'Leary."

"*We must, gineral?*" replied O'Leary, in a tone of mortification, "and there being mixed through the Macarthy papers many notes and codices," he added, in a whispering voice, "that might be sarvicable on the trial; for they'll fight a great fight afore they give up, Sir, and right vanquisheth might."

"I am not so certain of that," said General Fitzwalter, "but at all events, O'Leary, I shall not leave this country so soon as I expected."

"You won't, gineral?" he replied, with a countenance expressive of curiosity and surprise; then, after a pause, he added, "och, then I'll have my documents home from the lord-deputy before we start. And thinks Moriagh will plaze you the day in regard of a dinner, Sir, and ordered a bottle of Portugal wine from the Dunore Arms for myself, your honor, just in honor

of the day," and he looked at the general significantly.

"I'm glad of it," said the general; "but I shall not dine here; I dine at Dunore castle."

O'Leary started, put his hand under his wig, with a look of perplexity, but only repeated "at Dunore Castle!" then giving the horse to one of his scholars, who was waiting about the ruins, he followed the general to his tower, observing, "Well, gineral, so you didn't see the Bhan Tierna after all, I'll ingage."

"Why should you think that?"

"Because, plaze your honor, I heard she was in the mountains the morning, seeing the praties got in, and sorrow a foot she'd lave that for the King of England if he was to come to see her. Och! she's a great farmer, and has done more for Clotnotty-joy in a year and a half than the Crawleys ever could, in

respect of the hearts and hands of the whole country being with her, and her giving every man his own little lase."

To this observation the general made no reply; and they ascended the stairs together; the guest to dress, and the host, under pretence of assisting him, to loiter about his person.

NOTES.

(1) Page 121.—It is natural that the natives of an oppressed country should sympathize with the oppressed wherever they may exist. Many Irish names are to be found among the gallant advocates of liberty in South America.

Colonel O'Higgens was appointed commander-in-chief of the patriot army in 1813, and afterwards was made supreme director of Chili. Colonel *M'Kenna* was appointed second in command; and Mr. Brown, with the title of admiral, took command of a flotilla, and blockaded Montevidio.

(2) Page 170.—"Though the number of monks and nuns now recited is by no means to be depended on, yet it suggested to their presidents the necessity of stone inclosures or classes; these in the east were called mandrae. The word originally imported a sheep-fold, and was applied to those monastic buildings, wherein the archimandrite presided over his disciples, as the shepherd superintended his flock in the fold.

There are many of these mandrae dispersed over this kingdom, hitherto unnoticed. One remarkable is Dun Aengus. This is in the greater Isle of Arran, on the coast of Galway, situated on a high cliff over the sea, and is a circle of monstrous stones, without cement, and capable of containing two hundred cows. The tradition relative to it is, that Aengus, King of Cashel, about 490, granted this isle, called Arrannaomh, or Arran of the Saints, to Saint Enna or Endeus, to build ten churches on."

Ledwich.

(3) Page 211.—"These tiernas were what Davis calls confinnes, canfimies, con finnie—*the heads of clans.* We had our Clanbreasil, Clancarty, Clanaboy, Clancolman, Clanfergal, and many more. In most cases the tierna's sirname was that of his clan. Macarthy was Riagh, or King of Desmond; his tiernas were the clans O'Keefe, O'Donaughu, O'Callaghan, O'Sullivan, and the last by his tenure was obliged—First—To aid Macarthy with all his strength, and to be marshal of his army. Second—He was to pay for every arable plough-land five galloglasses or kerns, or six shillings and eightpence, or a beef for each, at the option of Macarthy. Third—Macarthy was to receive half-a-crown for every ship that came to fish or trade in O'Sul-

livan's harbour. Fourth—O'Sullivan was to give Macarthy merchandize at the rate he purchased it. Fifth—O'Sullivan was to entertain Macarthy and all his train two nights at Dunbay, and whenever he travelled that way. Sixth—O'Sullivan was to send horse-meat to Paillice for Macarthy's saddle horses, and pay the groom three shillings and fourpence out of every arable plough-land. Seventh—O'Sullivan was to find hounds, grey-hounds, and spaniels for Macarthy, whenever he came, and one shilling and eightpence annually to his huntsman out of every plough-land."

Ledwich's Antiquities of Ireland.

The first head of O'Sullivan's tenure proves that a military association and subordination universally prevailed, and these were the essentials of the feudal system. His being marshal of Macarthy clearly evinces that grand serjeantry was in use. As this is a tenure in capite, and could only be held from a sovereign prince, if this was a feudal tenure, as it must be allowed it was, then there can be no doubt but the other services were likewise feudal. Through all the subinfeudation, there was the same obligation of military duty. If any from neglect or perfidy disobeyed the call of their lord, he compelled them by force of arms, or expelled them from their possessions, for they owed military service

by their tenures. An ancient poet thus expresses the feudal call and penalty.

"The original exactions of the Irish kings were:

Bonaht—a tax for the maintenance of the galloglasses, kerns, and other military.

Scrohen—a tax on freeholders for the entertainment of soldiers.

Coshery—a custom of exacting entertainment for the king and his followers from those under his jurisdiction.

Cuddy, or suppers.

Shragh and mart—imposed at the will of the lord, and levied partly in cattle or food."

(4) Page 225.—Kilmallock, in the County of Limerick, a city of conspicuous figure in the military history of Ireland, and still exhibiting one of the most curious monuments of antiquity, being a desolate and nearly uninhabited town, with castles, antique mansions, ruinous indeed, but preserving extant the peculiar features of domestic architecture in Ireland as it existed many centuries back.

(5) Page 234.—Specimens still remain of this manufacture in many ancient Irish mansions.

The author believes that some of the tapestry in Kilkenney Castle was done by Irish nuns.

(6) Page 240.—" When Florence Macarthy submitted to the queen, in the midst of a troop of forty of his clan, himself, like Saul, higher by an head and shoulders than his followers, the president entertained him greatly, hoping by his submission that the wars were ended in Munster. Florence left two hostages, his base-brother and his foster-brother, both of whom he held in precious esteem.

" Among all the Irish septs in Desmond, or South Munster, the Macarthys, before the arrival of the English, were by far the most eminent, being sovereigns of the whole country; but after their best lands were subdued by the English adventurers, the chief of this potent clan retired into Kerry, as to a place of security, the southern part of the country being then almost inaccessible, because of its mountains, woods, and fastnesses. His successor, Daniel Macarthy-More-ni-Carra, so named from the river Carra in this country, concluded a peace with the English in 1196. Their posterity were very eminent people, and great disturbers of the English, particularly the Fitzgerald family, who dispossessed them of a considerable part of their

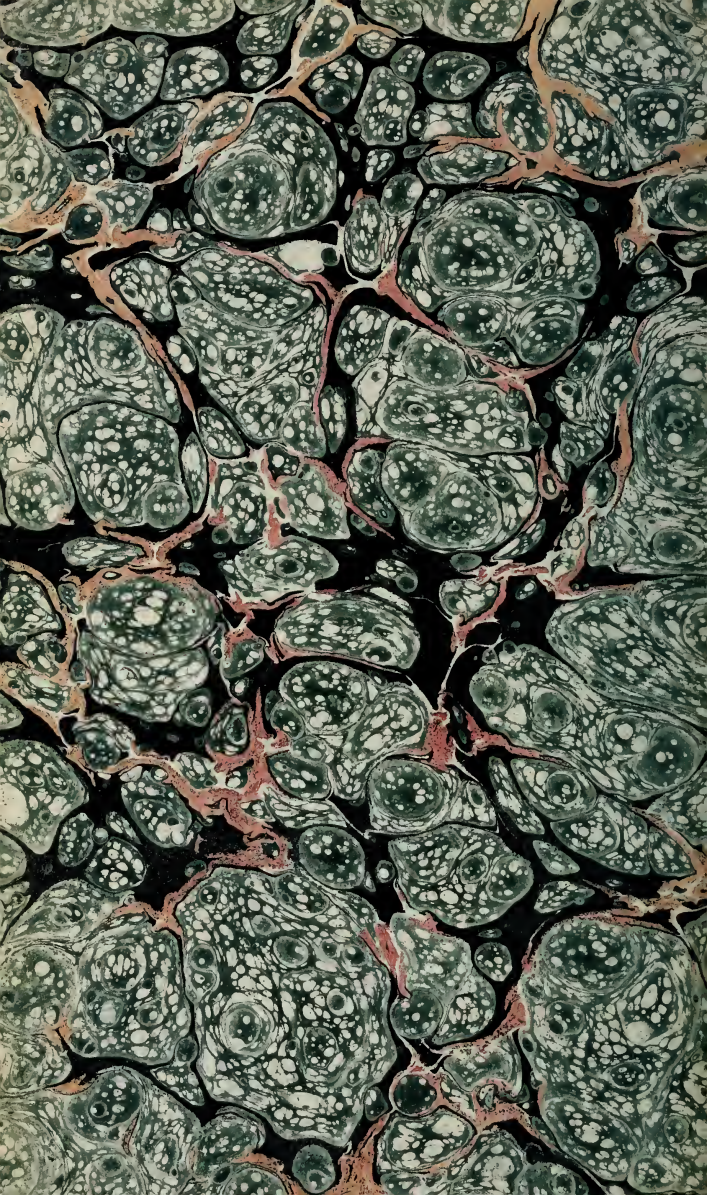
country. In these contests great numbers were slain; and at Callon, in this country, the Macarthys gained a complete victory, anno 1261, over the Fitzgeralds; but at length dissensions arising among the followers of Macarthy, the Fitzgeralds (or Geraldines) prevailed in their turn, and kept them under for many years. However, a great regard was always paid to the chiefs of this family, who retained the title of Macarthy-More, one of whom, named Donald, was ennobled by Queen Elizabeth, who, in 1565, created him earl of Glencare, a tract of land in this country between the Bay of Dingle and the River of Kinmare. This earl having resigned his estates to the queen, had it restored and re-granted by letters-patent, to hold it of the crown after the English manner. She also conferred many ample privileges on him, and paid the expense of his journey into England; but by the advice of O'Neil, who rebelled in Ulster, Macarthy pursued his example in the south, and even assumed the title of king of Munster. These chiefs joined their forces together in 1560, but before the expiration of the year Macarthy was forced to submit to the lord-deputy, and craved the queen's pardon. This earl afterwards sat in a parliament held at Dublin on the 26th of April, 1584, by Sir John Perrat, who, from the presidency of Munster, was ap-

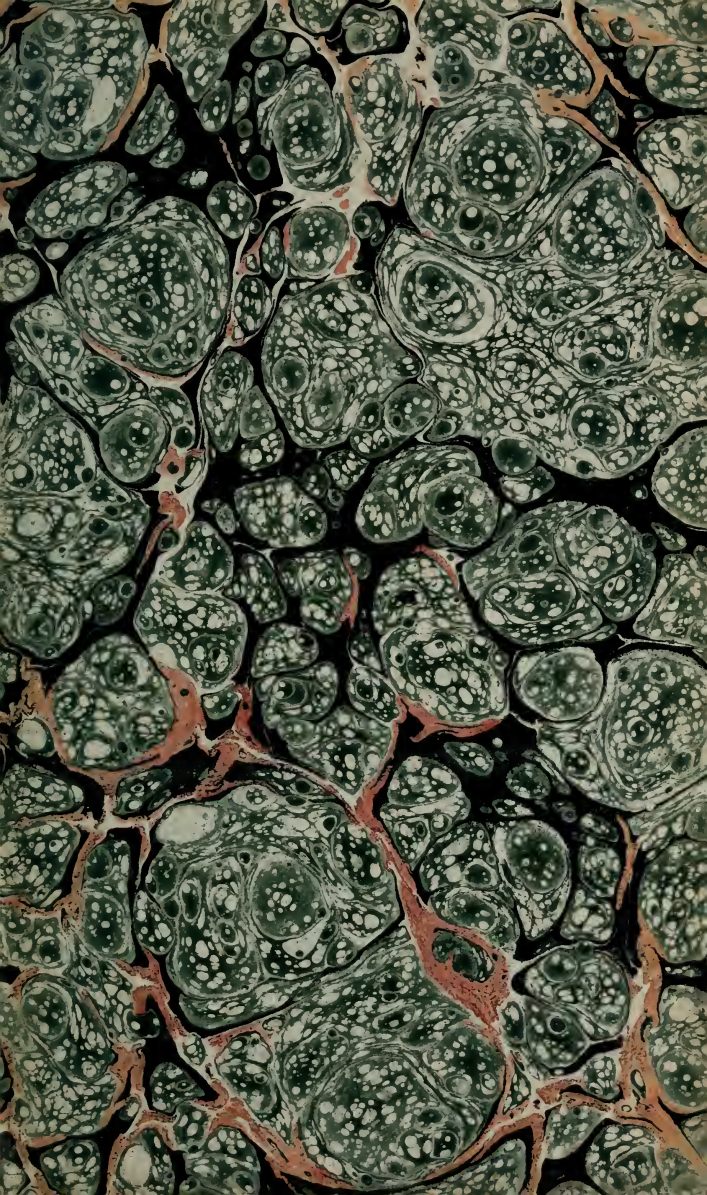
pointed lord deputy of Ireland. He gave the government of the county of Desmond to this earl of Glencare, who died soon after, leaving behind him an only daughter, Ilin or Ellen, and an illegitimate son, called Daniel, who assumed the title of earl, but was dispossessed of it by Florence Macarthy, son to Sir Donough Macarthy, Reagh of Carberry, in the county of Cork, who marrying Ellen, took possession of the estate, and assumed the title of Macarthy-More, which was confirmed to him by O'Neil, who called himself king of Ireland. Florence and his followers joined O'Neil, who, by the queen, was created Earl of Tyrone, and also the Earl of Desmond, in their rebellion, as may be seen in the annals of this country."

See Smith's Cork and Kerry.

END OF VOL. III.

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